

Bye-Bye Big Boy, Bye-Bye page 44

July 1988 \$1.95

TUCSON • ARIZONA

CITY MAGAZINE

Recipe for a

RADICAL

Doctors told this
mother of eight
she was going to die.

She decided to take
someone with her.

page 38



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52

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***** CM 911030 HARNI 13991 89DEC
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Plus: Breakfast Bashing, Building Hoover Dam,
Who's Dancing to What? Flotation: Getting Tanked in
the New Age, Yankee Doodle Doings and Much More....



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Photo by Hal Gould

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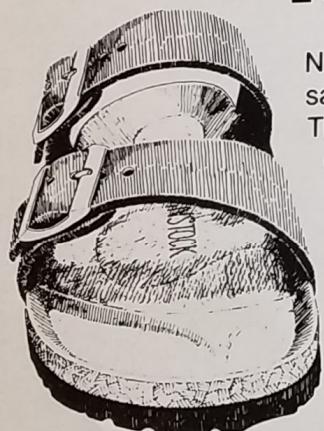
Gettin' Out



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HOWDY



Howdy,

ATC's Gary Gisselman says in this issue that he not only has to deal with schizophrenic audiences and critics, but also with schizophrenic cities: Tucson and Phoenix. Amen. I figured our staff had gone a bit schizo themselves this month when they provided me with a mix of terrorist camps and New Age flotation tanks.

Then I received this New Age catalog—my rock gets on the strangest mailing lists—and found out the New Age ain't exactly all white light, crystals and universal love.

Contained in the catalog are several ads for "invisible pain field generators," pocket-size wonders to drive away people you don't like. Flip the switch and it slips out ultrasonic waves, producing pain and paranoia in those nearby.

Then there are the magic black boxes that turn thoughts into energy particles and send them whizzing at targets miles away. While our government has officially pooh-poohed the notion, the magazine wonders why the CIA reportedly built a jamming device to protect our President from thought-manipulation by Soviet black boxes. From what I've been reading lately, maybe they should have aimed it at Nancy instead of Moscow.

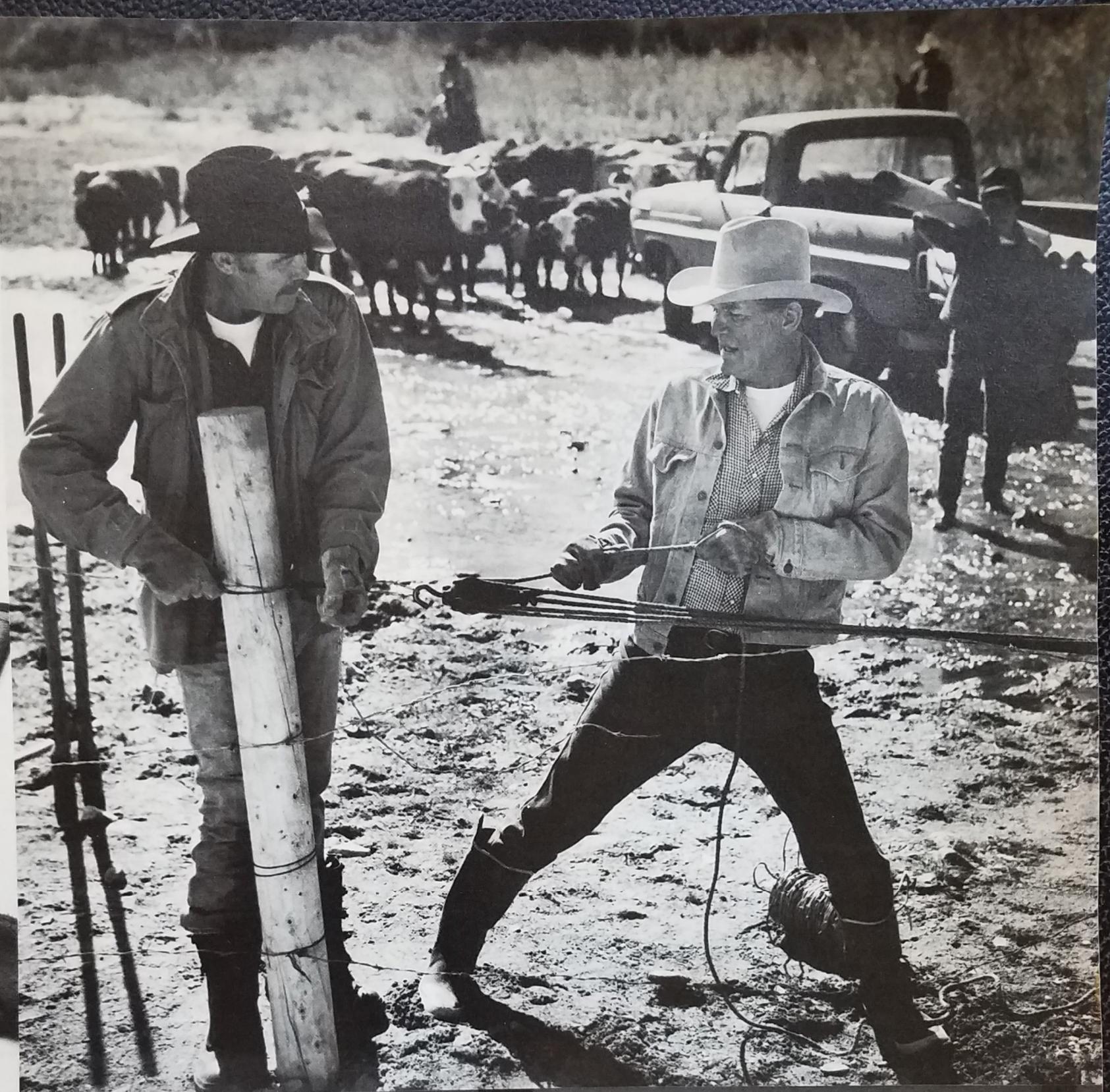
But I figure this stuff must be true, because it comes from such well-known pubs as *Strange Magazine*, *The Mad Scientist's Workshop* newsletter and something they call the *Tucson Daily Herald*. Scooped again.

Iggy

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LETTERS

The Film Library Alive and Well

Mr. Baird's "Reel Life" (May) article indicates a lack of awareness of what the UA is doing to preserve its film resources.

For the record, only management responsibility for the films was transferred to the Main Library in January 1988. The films are still stored in the air-conditioned vault they have occupied for many years. The library plans to put its videotapes with the films once the film library facility is renovated to accommodate both formats.

Members of the community have free access to the films if they are able to come to the library to view them. Film library staff can also supply information by phone (621-3856) about agencies and businesses that rent films and videos.

One difference between 1988 and 1918 (when the Film Library was started) is that the UA is not the only source in the state for films anymore. When it had to evaluate the situation, the library decided not to use its limited resources to duplicate services that others can and do supply. Instead, it intends to use those resources to acquire films needed to support the university's curricular programs and to preserve the important film collection that Katherine Holsinger and her predecessors built.

Be assured, we are working hard to keep the UA Film Library alive and well.

Bonnie L. Travers
Head Media Center Librarian
University of Arizona

A Pathetic Downtown

Great story by Lawrence Cheek in the April issue. I'm in the midst of a three-year bicycle trek around the United States and one of the things I'm doing is comparing the downtowns of cities around the country. Tucson has a pathetic downtown. But where is it written you have to have a strong downtown to survive? As far as Tucson being an ugly city in a beautiful place, I'm in agreement with that statement. I enjoy your magazine immensely and especially the way you get people to THINK.

Paul Wolsfeld
La Jolla, California

Looking Past Ugly to the Mountains

Congratulations on Lawrence W. Cheek's article on Ugly Tucson. It's good to see straightforward writing on the layman's level concerning a subject as controversial as architecture.

Isn't it ironic that such a well-renowned College of Architecture is surrounded by such poor design? As a student in the program, I am challenged to create functionally and aesthetically beautiful environments while staring out the studio window into the chaos of Speedway! Thank God for professors like Robert McConnell who help us to look past the ugliness of Tucson to the beauty of the mountains and desert for our inspiration.

Brett Drury

Hamburger, Muffler, Taco...Hamburger, Muffler, Taco...

"How did we manage to build such an ugly city in such a beautiful place?" The answer lies with Tucson's past city councils, who seem to have made all zoning and planning decisions with the goal that no Tucsonan ever need to drive more than a half mile to obtain a hamburger, muffler, taco, tire, handgun, used car or whatever might be sold at the next Circle K. Block after block of the major arteries repeat the services available in the previous half mile, and if you were unexpectedly transported to one of these streets, you would be unable to tell whether it was Speedway, Grant, 22nd, Prince, North First, South Fourth etc. without reading the street signs.

Roger E. Carpenter

Neighborhood Nostalgia

In response to the April letter: Yes, Betsy Bolding, there was a Walt.

The Silver Lounge on South Plumer was originally "Walt's Tap Room," opened by Milan Walter and his wife Millie around 1949 or 1950. It was quite a booming neighborhood pub. Unfortunately, a few years later a fire on the premises temporarily put them out of business. After refurbishing, they reopened as "The Silver Room."

Ben, Dorothy, Bill and Bob Finley

The Mountain Is Open

Dear Mr. Bowden,

As a member of Earth First!, reader of City Magazine, and a person in total agreement with your opinions in *Frog Mountain Blues*, what I'm writing to you about probably seems totally contradictory—and may be.

I am lucky enough to be one of the few people who lives on Mt. Lemmon. We didn't really plan to live here, it just happened.

Anyway, since the beginning of construction on the highway (which isn't going to be quite as destructive as we thought), the businesses in the village are working together, for the first time in history, to try to clean up the village and lure more people up the mountain. There has been a lot of publicity about the road closing, but not much about the fact that it's *not* closed on weekends and there's a lot to do up here!

Carol Brockman

ARTS CORRECTION

In our May Arts section article, "The Celtic Underground," Robert Baker's twenty-five year involvement with the Seven Pipers was reduced to two years. Please accept our wee apology.

We love to hear from you, whether to compliment or complain. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and clarity. Sign your letters and include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to City Magazine, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.

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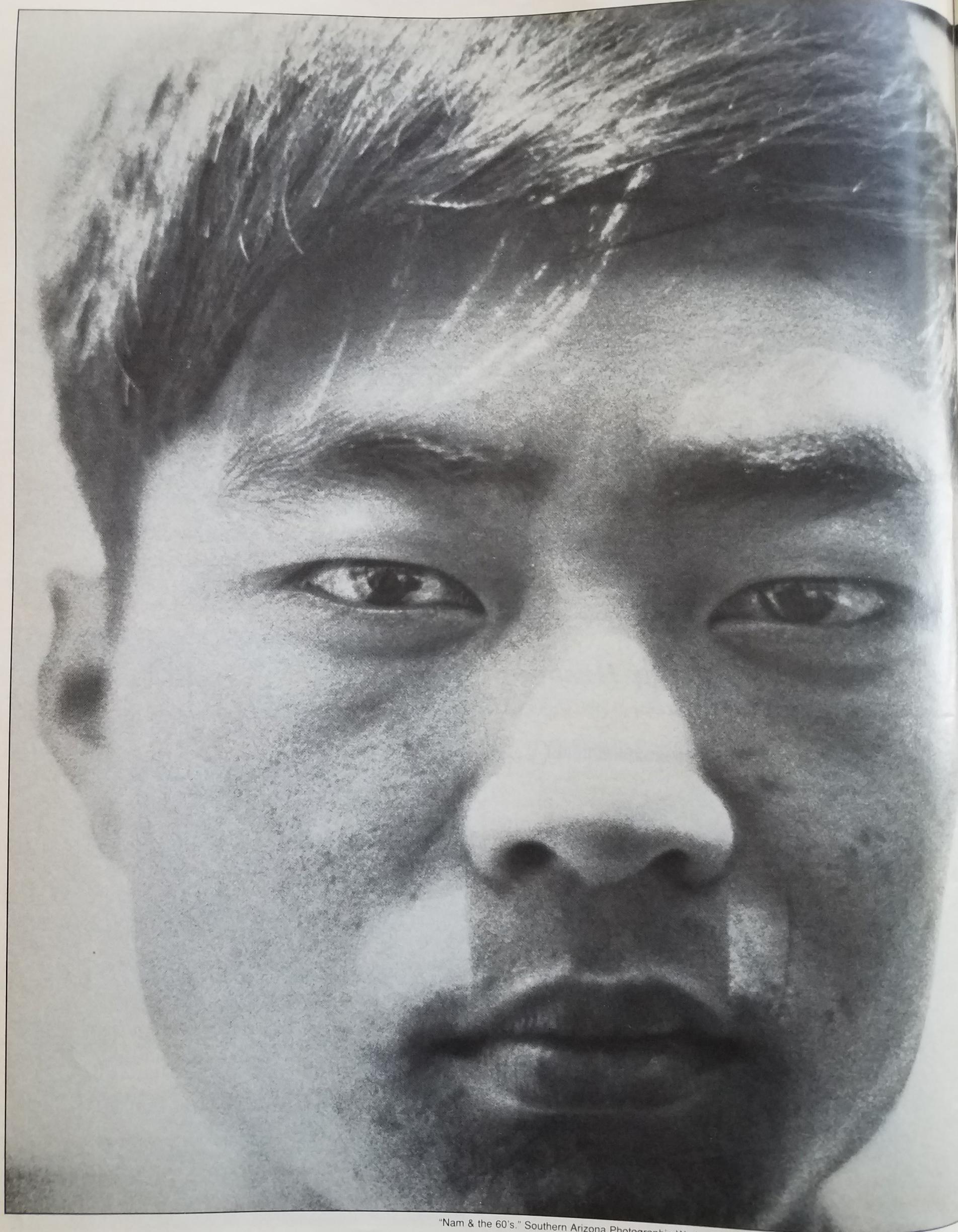
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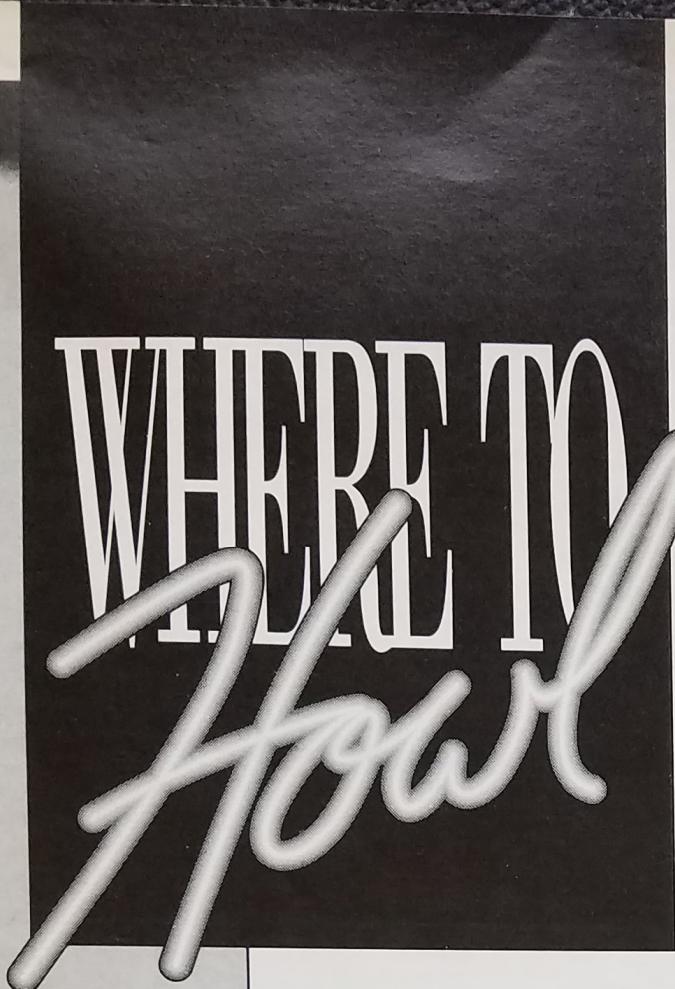
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"Nam & the 60's." Southern Arizona Photographic Workshop. Bisbee, Arizona Photo by Carlos A. Guerra.



The Good/Bad Old Days

July 5-27

Entitled "Nam & The '60s: A Personal American View." Curated by Richard Amerault, a retired Army sergeant with four tours of duty in Vietnam, and Boyd Nicholl, a conscientious objector, this show was created through the Southern Arizona Photographic Workshop in Bisbee, AZ. Ads were placed throughout the country in veterans' newsletters and various magazines soliciting photos. The result was more than 10,000 submissions. This show contains 250 that were a cut above the rest.

God knows, the media barrage of late has inundated us with so many memories of the '60s that some people fear the era is making a nostalgic comeback. (It's not, and for good reason—those who were there know it was a tragic time.) But if you want a look at those days, take this unblinking trip back in time. The photos, b&w and color, range from snapshots to big blow-ups and offer images of Army life, combat, Vietnam and its people. The views from the home front include peace marches, hippies, bikers, rock festivals (including Woodstock) and reflect the general intensity of the decade. A chance to see what ordinary folk saw, those who lived through the times but who weren't paid to please the public or an editor with the camera lens. None of the blood-and-gore, photo-journalist shots that were shown during Cronkite's evening news as body counts intruded upon the dinner hour. At Dinerware Artists Cooperative, 135 E. Congress St. Reception, July 9 from 7-9 p.m. Tentatively scheduled to coincide with the exhibition are a poetry reading, a storyteller and a symposium on the era. Free. Info, 792-4503.

Catalina State Park

Anytime At All

Check out of town and hike up to Romero pools. The rangers at the Catalina State Park's entrance can give you exact directions, and it's approximately 4 miles each way. Waiting at the high end of the trek are pools of water deep enough to cool down in after your hike. One huge tree overhanging a pool and festooned with a rope dangling in the water was just photographed for a Mountain Dew commercial, and we know the folks who drink that stuff like lots of scenic greenery. Get the picture?

Advance Notice

Through July

Season tickets are on sale for the 1988-89 UA Artist Series, which includes such greats as the State Symphony Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. from Moscow; Leontyne Price; the Amherst Saxophone Quartet; Jean-Pierre Rampal; Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre; The Vienna Chamber Ensemble; Shanghai Acrobats and Magicians; Marcel Marceau, Master of Mime; Wynston Marsalis; Toni Tennille; Tito Puente; Peter Nero Trio; "Camelot" with Richard Harris; "Cabaret" with Joel Grey; The Second City comedy troupe from Chicago and a slew of other events. Season tickets available at Centennial Hall Box Office, Dillard's and Tucson Convention Center outlets. Single tickets available starting Aug. 29. Info, 621-3341.

The Art Quilt

July 21-Sept. 19

Sixteen artists display twenty-five quilts that are made strictly as works of art. This is not the thing you curl up with in front of the TV, but non-functional, hand-stitched colors that show the link between quilt-making and fine art. All quilts made especially for this exhibition, which will tour the country. Several free-standing pieces with quilted panel sections, an 11-foot-high quilted kimono and other pieces with optical effects. The items are for sale at a king's ransom. At Foothills Mall. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

Jumbo Sale

July 26

The TMC Auxiliary is having a bazaar and it's your chance to stock home or office with their offerings. A variety of office furniture: filing cabinets, desks, pencils, equipment and whatever else is left over for public consumption at bargain prices. Plenty of small stuff for the house donated by charity-minded folk. Don't miss, but get there early. The good stuff goes fast. In the Yavapai Building (just east of the DPS helicopter pad) at Tucson Medical Center from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. Inquiries about items available, 327-5461, ext. 5355 or 5759.

Tower of Power

July 30

Along with the sounds of high-firepower cowboy fight re-enactments, Old Tucson's staging some jazz and r&b when Bay Area band Tower of Power performs a blowout concert in the rodeo arena. 201 S. Kinney Rd. Info on ticket prices, 883-0100.

Water Trivia

The Southern Arizona Water Resources Association has a new game out to inform students and water buffs about this precious resource. It's all the stuff politicians talk about but don't explain. With "Water Trivia" you'll be the first on your block to know the answers to 700 questions about our drought-prone desert. Can be played with or without a board, in small groups or large and will challenge the expert as well as the novice. Most of these games are going to area schools, but there's a limited quantity available to individuals for \$20 each. SAWARA, 48 N. Tucson Blvd., Suite 106. Info, 881-3939.

Independence Day

July 4

In case you need a refresher, the Declaration of Independence was signed 213 years ago, and this dream of democracy means a day

off, gorging ourselves on watermelon, charred barbecue and, for some, a drink and colorfully exploding horizons.

But if you're looking to take the 4th out of your hot backyard, and make it a family affair, venture to one of Tucson's water parks during the day. The choices are The Breaker's Family Waterpark, which sports the largest man-made wave pool around, or Justin's Water World, with slick waterslides in a variety of shapes for all ages. Both have snack bars and patio furniture that provide refuge from the sun. No salt-water stinging your eyes or sand to shake from your suit at the end of the day. Plenty of smiles on kids, and parents who look like they're going to lose it. Call for rates: Breakers, 792-1845; Justin's, 883-8340.

If toasting yourself in the desert oven turns you off, take all hyperactive people who are in dire need of a thrill and cure them at Sportspark in their 3 water tubes, one of which sweeps you at speeds up to 35 m.p.h., according to estimates of some adventurous teenagers. Save your lunch for after the ride. Info, 744-9496.

If you don't leave home 'til the sun starts to dip, try out Tucson Parks and Recreation's bonanza. Start the evening with a 6:30 p.m. concert on the TCC patio featuring the Tucson Pops Orchestra playing patriotic tunes and plenty of vendors hawking drinks and ethnic edibles. Hang around for the traditional 8:30 p.m. fireworks display originating on "A" Mountain.

Perhaps this is just too tame for you, so move to a different section of Downtown and visit Club Congress, where they'll be re-staging the now-infamous annual Watermelon Works. A bunch of heavily-muscled melon heavers toss the explosive fruit into the parking lot below. Caution: Do not wear white or stand too close. Last year some hefty fruit crashed through the marquee, and the slippery fun cost them \$300 in repairs. They may fly in the legendary Jimbo from San Francisco to emcee the event. Plenty of live music inside for those who fear watermelon. I.D. a must. Adm. charge around \$5.

If you're a yuppie at heart, hop over to the Racquet Club, which is open to the public, for the annual blowout. Gates open for non-members at 5 p.m. and Street Pajama, with the engaging voice of Merle, strikes up at 6 p.m. while you stuff yourself on barbecue burger (\$5) or chicken (\$6) with all the trimmings. The pool is sometimes the only place that isn't crowded, so bring your suit. It's also a good place from which to view the aerial lightshow that begins at dusk—a full-scale chromacolor battle of sparks that cascade into the Rillito. This place is always jammed, so get there early for a good patch of grass. Members free; \$3 general public. Info, 795-6960.

If you desire higher-elevation entertainment that's a touch more upscale and couple-oriented, Westward Look's putting on a New England clambake—including mussels, clams, beer, wine and trimmings, with live music served up on the Vigas Lawn from 7-9 p.m. They, too, are getting in on the technicolor act, blasting fireworks toward the Catalinas. Info, 297-1151.

Or you could leave town and go south, where the weather's a degree or two cooler, for Bisbee's Independence Day celebration, featuring the oldest parade in Arizona, roping, golf tourney and, of course, fireworks. Info, 1-432-2141.

If you can't find any pleasure in chasing around town, climb on your roof and catch every fireworks display in town. Buy binoculars. Have a happy and safe one.

WHERE TO HOWL

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF YOUR MIND

Mix 175 gallons of water and 800 lbs. of Epsom salt

BY LAURA GREENBERG



I step into the flotation tank, this seven-foot rectangular enclosure loaded with 175 gallons of water and 800 pounds of Epsom salt. Sliding on my back, I bounce off the black rubber bottom and buoy up instantly, a rubber ducky maneuvering in twelve inches of water.

Claustrophobic, I hold my head out of the water until my neck muscles are as tight as wire cables. I'm a puppet bobbing on a wet blanket, taking deep breaths to counter panicky flutters racing through me.

I'm supposed to be paying homage to the renewal of the New Age, scoring a piece of *deep-relaxation* action.

My brains bubble; I am a think tank dangling in a sensory deprivation tank that reminds me of an oversized, sealed bathtub. "I feel ridiculous" becomes my mantra. My heart doesn't listen to reason—it sounds like Buddy Rich rehearsing.

Unrelieved darkness erases the concept of time, all measurement is corrupted in this tomb of water and salt. My neck aches from holding it up. Exhausted, I plunge backward, water slurping in my ears. I am pleased that I don't sink like a stone. My limbs move turtle-slow, splaying outward while my fingers fly through the slippery brine and touch sections of my body. I envision varnished jelly fish.

I am in one piece.

When Kalyn Wolf and her boyfriend split up last year, she got custody of their flotation tank, and a few months later Cloud Nine was born at 4541 E. Fort Lowell. Currently, she's the only professional tank owner in Tucson. During the '70s "me-ness" these things popped up all over so we could experience our "one-ness." The human potential fever has reawakened interest, and insurance companies are even considering paying for the healing powers of tanks in certain cases.

Stream-of-consciousness thoughts nag at me: my boyfriend would beg for a chance at this wretched solitude; my mother would drift in this blackness and have a seance with her mother. I delight in the idea of stacking enemies like cords of wood until they drown in this muck. Michael Jackson hangs out with his chimp, Bubbles, and then slips his pencil-width frame into some hermetically sealed tank that looks like an

iron lung. Reagan has found answers in astrology. They plot paths through higher realms and must be hipper than I.

It's simple. My mind won't stay quiet. I remain aware of my surroundings, slowly becoming a soggy noodle. I would rather be mucking about on a beach. In "Altered States" William Hurt drank hallucinogens and slid into a tank. He saw visions of Christ superimposed over his dying father's face. There are no LSD re-runs for me.

But with nothing to do, and nowhere to go, my heart muscle eventually finds an easy rhythm, and when I swallow, the sound has orchestral pro-

portions. When Simon and Garfunkel sang "The Sounds of Silence," they couldn't have imagined this friendless tank. Absolute quiet cannot exist in here. Breathing, swallowing, heartbeat—all make a racket. This is a place where language takes second place, and I know why I am uncomfortable. In here I do not talk. I can't imagine operating in a wordless world. Words connect me to my feelings.

I envy those who speak in tongues of harmonic convergence, crystals, rolling, new balance massage and tarot, who can meditate to the music of creaking boats. My nose fills with humidity, my ears buck up from the water and I

sneeze, fall back again and swallow a splash of salt. Now all I want is a Kleenex, but instead suffer unequipped through salt fumes while my nose dribbles.

This is a good place to stop smoking.

A good place to learn what you like and what you don't like. For \$25 an hour, a good place to run to if the phones are ringing, the kids yelling, the house falling apart.

I feel the distant vibration of a truck outside and lurch forward, scared, then fall back. We spend hours kick- ing our mothers' bellies, beligerently inducing her labor to break out of the warmth, then we spend years wishing we hadn't left. This place feels familiar, but now we are burdened by thought, and distrust sensation. In the quicksand dark I stab my legs toward the sides (hoping to find skin to kick) and touch slick rubber. The rise and fall of my belly absorbs conscious thought. This is the closest I have felt to this involuntary action in thirty-three years of straining to be in control. I make waves with my hands until I shake with dizziness.

My hour up, I wobble out, zonked, to the bathroom. Harsh electric light causes me to squint. I put my clothes on, then hear Kaylyn's distant voice reminding me to shower. The tap water feels hard. For the rest of the day, when I move, my hair sprays the air with Epsom salt.

John Lilly (of dolphin fame) thought up the flotation tank in the '50s. He noticed that people drifted into a state of deep relaxation after an hour's float—but after eight or twelve hours they went bonkers, recreating their senses through hallucinations. William Hurt didn't know when to get out of the water. Rumor has it they used these things during the Korean War as a form of torture. Just lock a prisoner in, come back in three days and he'll tell you anything, even if he has to make it up.

All I have to spill is that the experience is, well, interesting, and I think if I practiced, I could become comfortable with the noisy silence and the absolute darkness. There were moments when I was free from thought, moments when I didn't understand why I was there, moments when I was elated. For one hour, this place offers a chance to visit the Twilight Zone, without having to listen to Rod Serling explain it.

WHERE TO HOWL

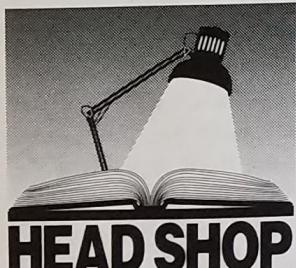
IT'S A DATE!

(But you gotta be on time!)

If you want an event, program etc. listed in **Where to Howl**, information must be submitted in writing six weeks before the first day of the month of publication (for instance, by May 18 for a July listing). **Choice** and **Where to Howl** are a selective guide by *City Magazine*. Mail to Laura Greenberg, Calendar Editor, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718. 293-1801.

Fifth Annual Tucson Summer Arts Festival

See our regular calendar listings of festival events. The Tucson Summer Arts Festival is a production of the Metropolitan Tucson Convention & Visitors Bureau and the University of Arizona Fine Arts and Summer Session. Sponsored by Hotel Park Tucson and America West Airlines. For press and media information, call 624-1817; ticket info, 621-1162. Festival box office, at University Theater, is open Mon.-Fri., 1-5 p.m. Tickets also available at Dillard's and TCC outlets. Parking is free and generally available every evening after 5 p.m. and on weekends at UA campus. Take the time and call first so you don't end up yelling at us if their schedules have gone haywire. And enjoy.



HEAD SHOP

Healing Arts

July 7, 14, 21

Continuing their open forum series. July 7, Damaris teaches healing through the power of voice; July 14, astrologer Stephanie St. Claire will put stars in your head, explaining how to use astrology in decision-making. July 21, Barbara Sloane, a certified iridologist, reveals what our eyes really tell us. Free, at 7 p.m. Desert Institute of the Healing Arts, 639 N. Sixth Ave. Info, 882-0899.

Life Enrichment Series

July 7, 14, 21, 28

Tucson Medical Center hands out hints in its quest for your good health. July 7, William

Miller, M.D., discusses causes, prevention and treatment of desert allergies; July 14, fitness consultant Shelley Whitlatch explains how to exercise in our desert hotbox; July 21, pharmacist Gilbert Romero speaks on the bites and stings of poisonous desert creatures; July 28, Robert Friedman, M.D., discusses skin cancer (we have the highest rate in the country). Your chance to hear expert advice for free. Sheraton El Conquistador at 7:30 p.m. Info, 327-5461, ext. 5070.

Art Classes

July 11-28

What's hotter than asphalt in summer? According to the Tucson Museum of Art, their art classes. A full range of adult and children's instruction is offered. Pre-registration required. Info, 884-8673.

Sex Sense

July 12

What are the new rules in an old game? Jan Madison, TMC counselor, discusses sexuality at the Women's Roundtable. Radisson Suite Hotel, Speedway and Wilmot, from 7-9 p.m. Members \$5; general \$10. Reservations, 299-6626.

Flowery Memories

July 21

If you're a romantic who likes to press flowers between diary pages, Jane Evans, owner of The Garden Flower Shop, will demonstrate how to dry flowers by hanging them, and preserving them in silica gel or glycerine. Flowers are provided. Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon Way. General \$7.50; members \$6.50. 7-8:30 p.m. Info, 326-9255.

Support Yourself

July 21-Sept. 22

Divorce Recovery sponsors weekly support groups for divorced and separated persons who are adjusting to the havoc of suddenly being single. Share the pain. Thursdays, 7:30-9:30 p.m. at Family Counseling Agency, Conference Room, 209 S. Tucson Blvd., Suite F. Free, but donations gladly accepted. Info, 327-4583.

Kids Can Go Wild

Through July

Lots of classes are being offered for kids at the Arizona Sonora Desert Museum. Some titles are "Desert Ecology," "Toadwatch" and "Predator and Prey." A chance

to understand Iggy. Pre-registration required by mail or in person. Info on fees and times, 883-1380, ext. 253.

Kids Can Go Native

Through Aug. 15

Museum Discovery is living history classes for kids, ages 7-12. A chance to pan for gold, dress in period costumes, play pioneer games and build presidios (well, they use sugar cubes instead of adobe). Ten different one-week sessions to choose from. \$45 a week, \$40 for Arizona Historical Society members. Info, 628-5774.



Distinguished Artists Series

July 6

Carol King demonstrates the use of the recorder in the Orff Shulwerk approach to music education. UA Crowder Hall at 8 p.m. Free. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Info, 621-1162.

World Cinema

Looking for a film that will make you think? Try these reel-to-reel legends.

July 8: "A Nous A Liberté,"

France, 1931, dir. Rene Clair.

July 15: "Scarlet Street,"

USA, 1945, dir. Fritz Lang.

July 22: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," France, 1959, dir.

Alain Resnais.

July 29: "Woman in the Dunes," Japan, 1964, dir. Hiroshi Teshigahara.

All screenings Friday at 7:30 p.m. in UA Modern Languages Auditorium. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. \$2 for all. Info, 621-1162.

Chorus Sounds

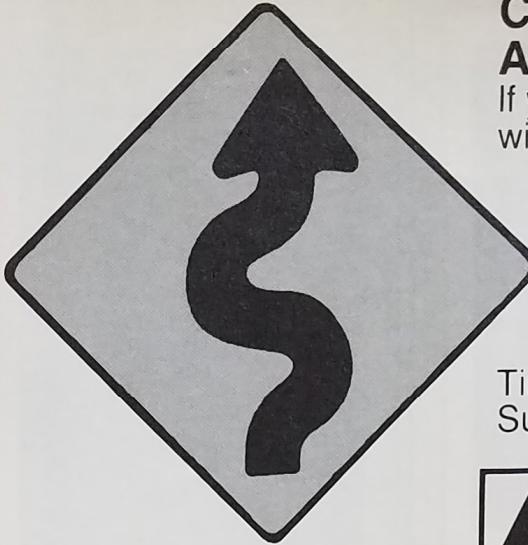
July 10

Dr. Maurice Skones conducts this free 3 p.m. choral concert. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Call for location, 624-1817.

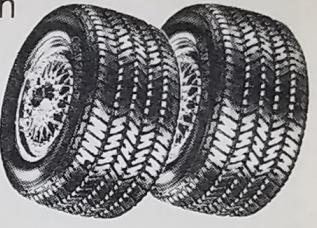
Flying Music

July 16

The 566th Air Force Band (from the Illinois Air National Guard) performs during its two-week summer training at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base. Great stuff for march-lovers or those considering



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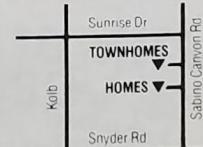
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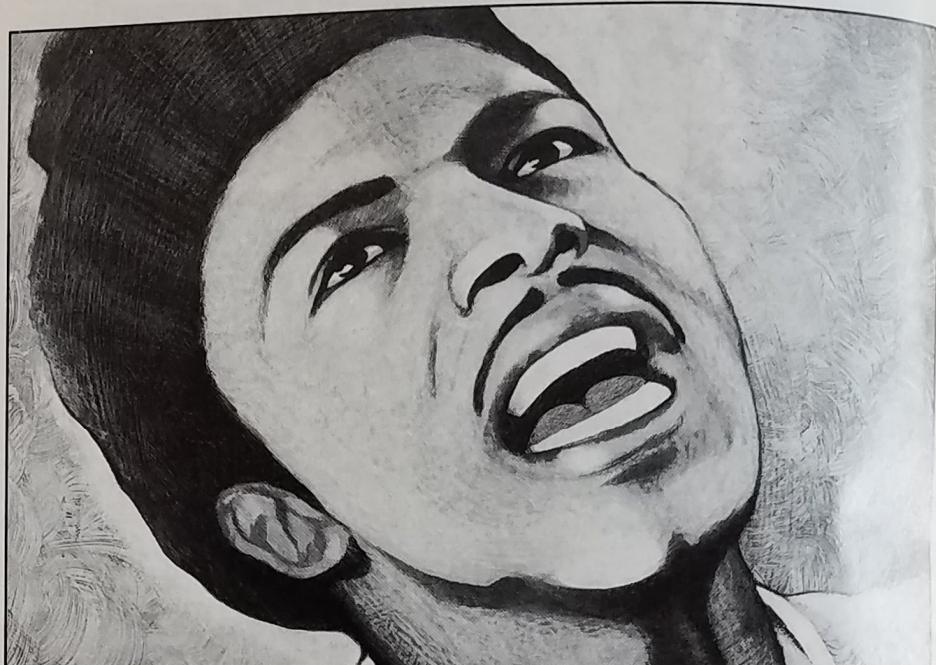
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WHERE TO HOWL

IT MAKES ME WANT TO SHOUT

BY JANET MITCHELL



One Friday night I wanted to go out dancing. I craved loud rock 'n' roll and a frenetic, forgetful evening. So why, I asked myself, should I stay home with all this dance energy just because I don't have a date or a female companion? Would this keep a man home? Besides, I had a '56 Chevy Bel Air in mint condition.

I put on a Hard Rock Cafe T-shirt, Marilyn Monroe pedal pushers, contact lenses and shoes that wouldn't fly off my feet. I chose The Music Box for two reasons: it plays music from the '50s and '60s and the clientele is eclectic: welders and plumbers abound, as do attorneys, although you can't tell by looking at them. You can be fat, you can be an aging hippie still pungent with patchouli oil, you can commit major fashion errors. No one notices. It's relaxing.

I parked the Bel Air, wondering how stupid I'd feel walking into a bar alone. I locked my purse in the trunk and headed inside, equipped only with my keys, a lipstick, a ten-dollar bill and the phrase "my girlfriend's parking the car."

Inside, the front half of a 1957 Chevy jutted out of one wall, the front seat a booth for the DJ. When he let forth with "He's So Fine," I could see pixie bands emerging from women's hairlines, and almost smelled English Leather and Jade East wafting from men's faces.

This kind of music takes me right back to high school, forcefully. Ages are halved, and imported beer starts to

taste like warm rum and Coke in a paper cup. Johnny Mathis comes on. I'm back in my bedroom, dreaming about marriage. By now, of course, all the dancers in the Music Box have been married and divorced, battered and shattered, but remain resilient as hell.

I was standing alone, but, unlike my high school self, I was hoping no one would ask me to dance. I had sympathy for the would-be aggressor—it's horrible to ask someone to dance and be refused—but I wanted to choose my own partner. I like to stand for a while and assess the dance skills of the men on the floor. If I see someone who's really energetic and fairly competent, I wait to see if he has a date for the evening. If he doesn't, I assume a confident air and ask him to dance. I suspect that men will dance with anyone at least once. If it doesn't work out, they know they can escape.

All the good dancers seemed to be with steady partners, so I went to the bathroom to check on my lipstick. Wandering back, I saw three drunk boys weaving by the bar.

"Wanna dance?" their spokesman asked me.

They were young, cute, non-threatening. "Who's the best dancer?" I asked. I could see who was the best looking (the spokesman), but that wasn't my concern.

The two taller ones immediately pointed to the stalky blond in the middle. "John!" they exclaimed. "No doubt about it. John dances."

John was about my height and was

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decked out in a bizarre but oddly attractive outfit of high-waisted pants, white suspenders and Hawaiian shirt, all wrapped smoothly over his tight, sturdy body. His hair was indeed blond, and layered, ending in what looked like a half-formed braid in the back. I didn't understand this fashion; maybe, I thought, it has something to do with youth.

"You can dance?" I asked him directly.

"Try me," he said, leading me out to the center of the room.

He made me feel like Ginger Rogers.

"Where'd you learn to dance so well?" I asked him at the end of "Harlem Shuffle." Being well-danced—well, it's right up there.

"My roommates and me—we go to NAU—and there's a place in Flag where we hang out that plays oldies. We're here for a wedding. That's why we're so ripped—been drinking champagne all afternoon."

Oh God—college. I didn't have the nerve to ask him what his major was.

"Baby Love" came on, and John took my hands in his, diligently counting out the beats in the introduction before launching me into a spin.

He looked at me closely. "How old are you?"

"Thirty-five." John started to giggle. He wiped his brow with one sturdy arm.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

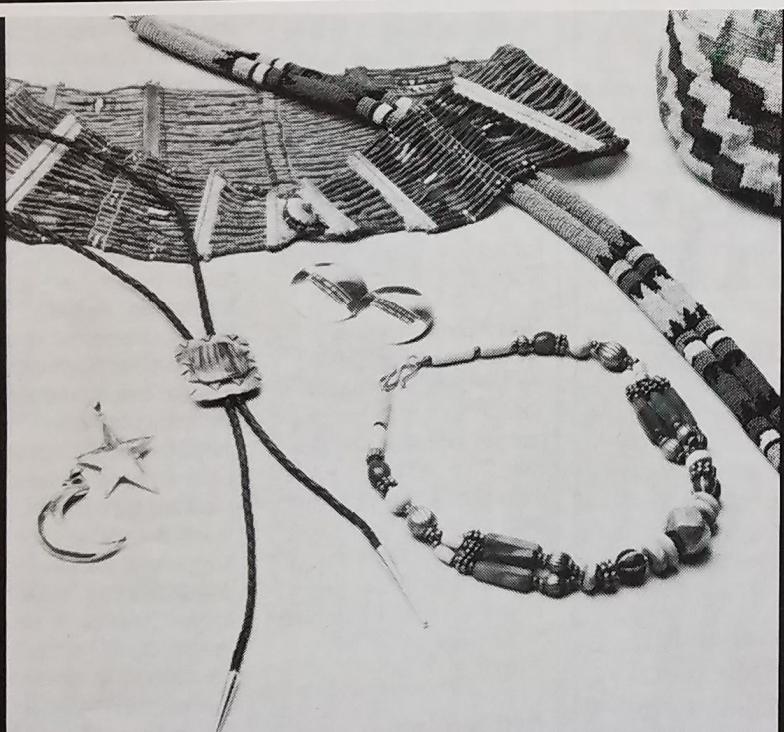
"Hey, all right!" John shouted, preening. "We're getting good. Let's reward ourselves with a beer." He pushed me toward the bar and bought two Buds. "Hey, do you mind if we just dance together the rest of the night?"

"Shout!" started playing. The whole room went crazy, especially John, his little body newly pumped with Isley Brothers adrenaline. We abandoned our beers and headed back to the floor. "I love this part!" John yelled when they sang "Now waaaaaiiiiiit a minute!" between sides one and two.

Clearly, he knew every word to every hit made before he was even born. I'd calculated he was born in 1965, the year *Rubber Soul* came out. In 1967, the Summer of Love, I was fifteen and John was two. Maybe not even toilet trained.

"John, shouldn't you be listening to U-2 or something? Why do you like oldies so much?"

No one could have looked more indignant than this boy in white suspenders. "It's not my fault I was born too late. This music's the best."

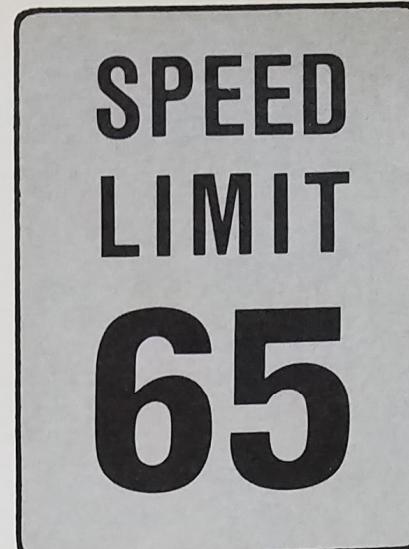


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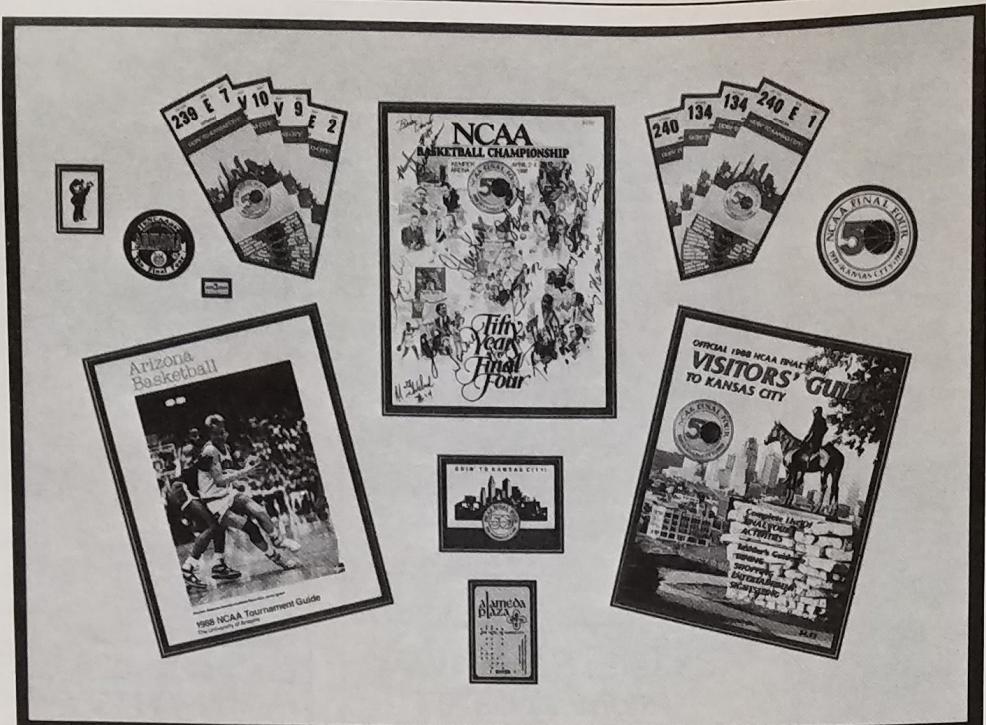
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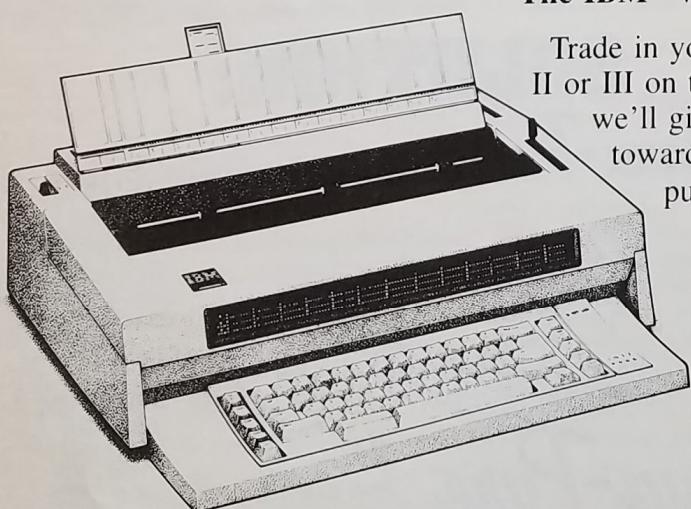
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careers as majors or major-ettes. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. UA Crowder Hall at 8 p.m. \$3 general; students free with I.D. 621-1162.

Lose your shirt or make a killing. Enjoy food, drink and the war cries of tense bettors. Tucson Greyhound Park. Race-time info, 884-7576.

Park Fishing Through summer

Tucson Parks and Recreation has loaded the lakes with catfish. Get out your pole, kick back and feel like Tom Sawyer for a day at Silverbell, Kennedy and Chuck Ford Lakeside parks. Info, 791-4860.

UA Arizona State Museum Through Feb. 1989

We're giving you plenty of time to check out this major exhibit. Entitled "Among the Western Apache: The Guenther and Goodwin Collections," the display includes a painting by acclaimed Apache artist Duke Wassaja Sine, an extensive array of Apache pots, woven baskets, rugs, crafts and ordinary utilitarian artifacts generally overlooked by collectors. With historical documentation, 1860 through 1970. Info, 621-4895.

Sunday Jazz Afternoons

July 17, 24, 31

Great tunes at Westward Look Resort.

July 17: Vibes player Homero Cerone performs jazz, fusion, swing and jazz-pop. He's well-known for getting people to shake their rars instead of sitting on them.

July 24: Nancy Gee, straight-ahead jazz vocalist out of Branford, Ct., via Phoenix.

July 31: The Mickey Greco Band, led by keyboardist Greco, noted for swing and straight jazz renderings. Beat the Monday blues on Sunday. Free. Info, 297-1151

Tucson Toros

Through summer

America's favorite beer and hot dog sport is back. The Toros play 70 games at Hi Corbett field. Dates and times, 325-2621.

Titan Missile Museum

Monument to the Cold War. Guided tours of the deactivated Titan missile complex and silo are conducted daily from 9 a.m. 'til 4 p.m. Take I-19 to exit 69, turn right, and head a half-mile west. Signs point the way. Tours last an hour. Warning: Don't wear heels—the 55 steps are steep. Ticket range \$4-\$2. Info, 791-2929.

Meet Your Body

You and it are inseparable, but do you understand how it works? The Human Adventure Center tells us about the human body and how to care for it. Meaty stuff. 5531 E. Fort Lowell. Adm. charge. Info, 721-8749.

Hot Dogs

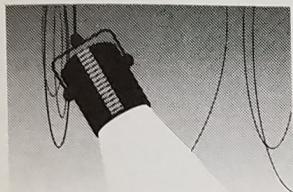
You're sick of your VCR and tired of movie theaters. Take a risk where quick, slender dogs chase a plastic rabbit.

Arizona Mini-Concerts Inc.

July 4

The Seven Pipers Society features Country and Highland Dancers, a Scottish folk band and singers at noon in El Con Mall. Part of the **Tucson**

Summer Arts Festival. Free. 624-1817.



STAGE

ORTS July 9, 10

Some of the most talented spandex-clad muscles in town—see them perform "Grandmother Dreams" by Jan Justis at UA Dance Studio Theatre (Ina Gittings Building). July 9 at 8 p.m.; July 10 at 3 p.m. \$6 general; \$4 UA students and seniors. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. 621-1162.

UA Resident Theatre Through July 9

James Goldman's "The Lion in Winter." Tale of the powerful and passionate love/hate relationship between King Henry II and his dispossessed Queen Eleanor. The snag? Their sons' jealous rivalries threaten to tear the kingdom apart.

Through July 9

"Present Laughter" by Noel Coward is the very wicked story of a stage-struck young woman who sneaks into the apartment of a very popular and very married actor. When they're surprised by his very jealous wife, well, that's where this comedy begins.

Through July 10

"Joe Egg," an original play by Peter Nichols that transforms a young couple's heartbreak into vaudeville. How else can you present the nuptial arrangement? All plays are part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival** and take place in UA University Mainstage Theatre. Reserved seating. Info on times, tickets, 621-1162.

a.k.a. theatre co.

July 21-30

Aug. 4-6

Beat the blahs with this trio of one-act plays, featuring Albee's "Actor's Nightmare," Durang's "Zoo Story" and Van Itallie's "The Interview." If you're tired of traditional theater, these will perk you up. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Tickets \$6. 125 E. Congress. Curtain, 8 p.m. Info, 623-7852.

Surprise, Surprise July 21-31

The Playwrights Company is a brand-spanking new performing entourage in Tucson devoted to writers in the Southwest, presenting original and second-chance productions. At presstime, the search was still on for best original script. If you're a closet playwright, contact these people. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Tickets, \$10, \$8, \$6. University Mainstage Theatre at 8 p.m. Reserved seating. Info, 621-1162.

Gaslight Theatre Through Aug. 27

"The Sword of Zorro," a take-off on the masked Spanish hero in Old California who defended the weak from the powerful. Comedy mishmash with a touch of slapstick. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. Times and ticket info, 886-9428.



ART

Amerind Foundation Through July

An exhibit of Hopi works on paper, emphasizing watercolors. Includes Otis Pole-Isomma, who began the Hopi watercolor tradition in the '20s.

Through July

"Navajo Ways" displays the arts and crafts of the Navajos, featuring objects from the Amerind permanent collection. Included are textiles, silverwork, ceramics and watercolors. Most of the work dates back decades. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

Ann Original Gallery Through Aug. 6

Featuring the oils of Roberta Vaughn. Abstract imagery in bold colors by this regional artist who was educated in palette knife techniques in San Francisco. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, Crossroads Festival. 323-0266.

Art Network

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Vaca, Fernando Joffory, Alfred Quiroz, Cristina Cardenas. Plus "wearable art"—avant-garde bola ties, jewelry and gongo T-shirts with social comments and more. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

Davis Gallery Through Oct. 10

Featuring contemporary painting and works on paper by regional artists. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 6812 N. Oracle. 297-1427.

El Presidio Gallery, Inc.

Through July

Large-scale watercolor and acrylic show of highly stylized southwestern images by Jim Prindiville from Scottsdale. 182 N. Court Ave. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-4 p.m. 884-7379.

Impressions II Gallery Through July

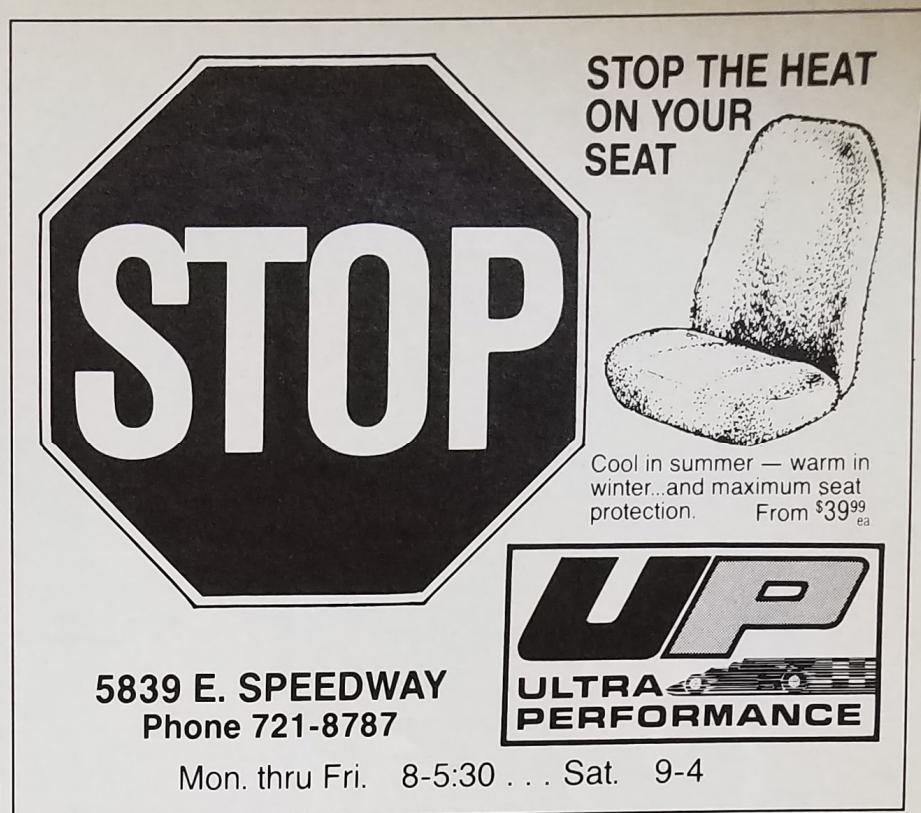
They've remodeled and expanded and there's now about 2,800 sq. ft. for viewing the nitty-gritty of southwestern contemporary paintings and other artwork. They frequently display R.C. Gorman, Jack Eggman and Jerry Cajko. Palomino Plaza, Fort Lowell and Swan. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Info, 323-3320.

Ground Zero Gallery Closing June 10

Philip Estrada's sculpturesque paintings are mannequins and shrines made with found objects—snakeskins, dolls, glass, skulls, fur, cigarette packs etc. Very colorful and very cluttered. Kathleen Pearson's themes are mainstream primitive—from Florida scenes to modern heroes like Howdy Doody, Elvis Presley and King Kong in a swirl of bright colors. The stuff here makes you think about what art is, or should be. Tues.-Fri., noon-4 p.m.; Thurs., 5-8 p.m. and by appt. 222 E. Congress. Info, 624-5106.

Oasis Gallery Closing July 4

A. Gabaldon's copper figurative sculptures; Myrna Goetz's acrylic abstract paintings. **Opening July 7-Sept. 12** Their summer show features work by Tucson Community Cable Corporation members only. And at presstime they didn't have enough info to tell who's doing what. But if you're into gallery-hopping, don't miss. 124 E. Broadway. Tues.-Sat., 1-10 p.m. Sun., noon-8 p.m. 624-9833.



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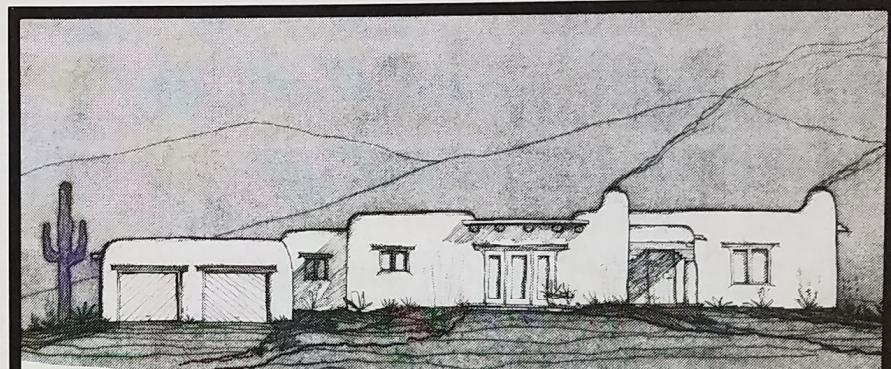
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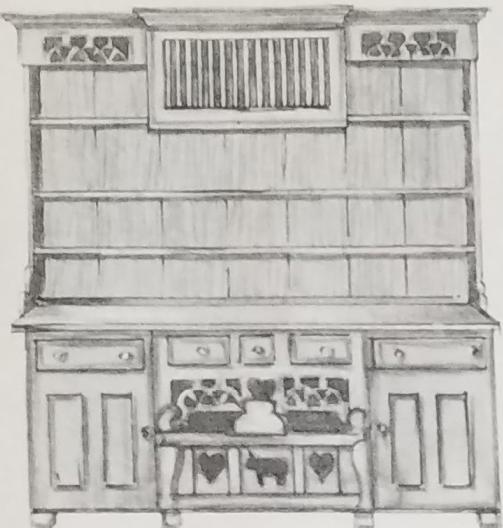
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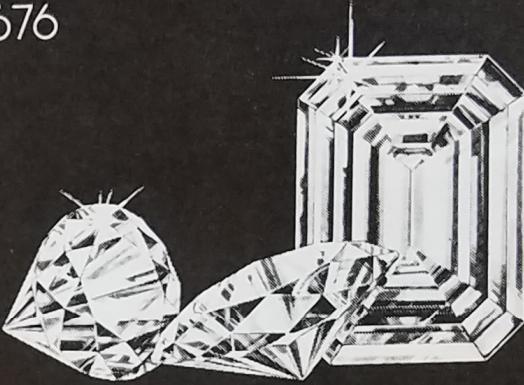
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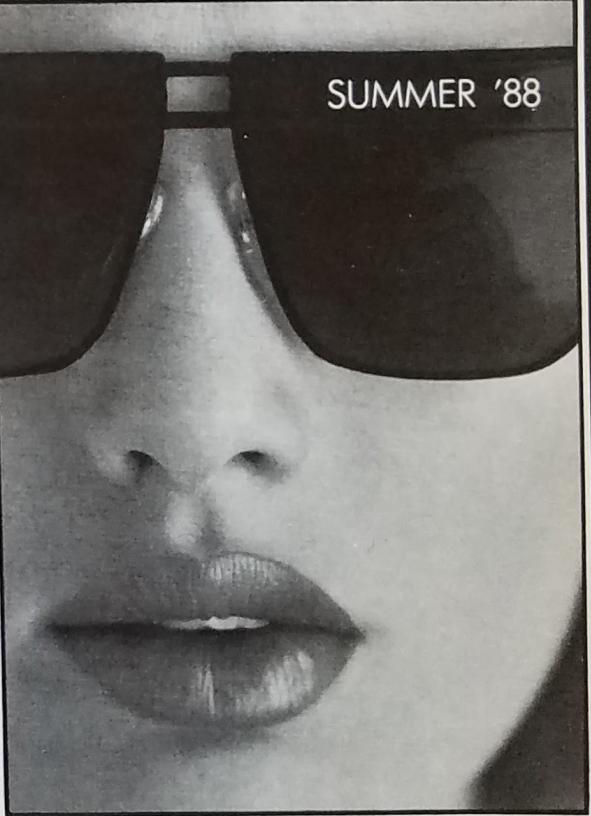
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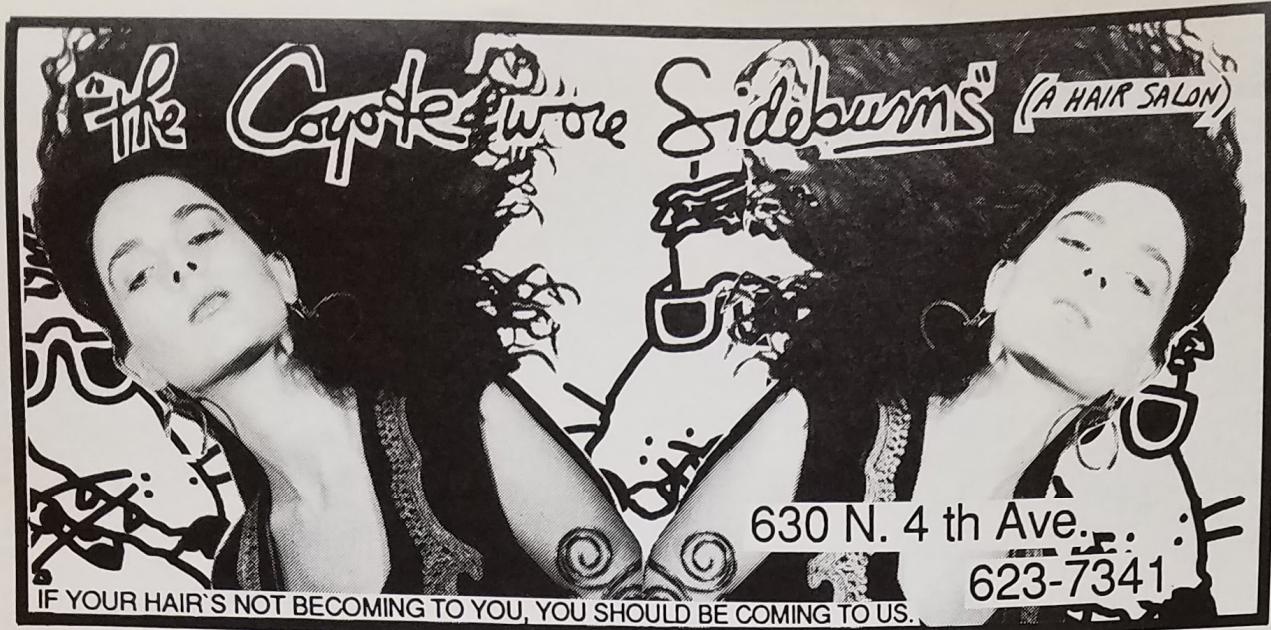
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Through July

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Through July

Ceramists Kurt Tallis' panoramic pots and jewelry (a technical term for clay being fired first and painted after) and Michael Weinberg's raku pots. These guys aren't part of the local gallery circuit, so you might find something different. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 5350 E. Broadway (in Williams Centre). 747-1345 or 881-1311.

sculpture. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery

Through Aug. 4

Featuring photos of the Tohono O'odham since 1976 by Tony Celentano. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Regular Student Union Bldg. hours. Info, 621-3546.

UA Joseph Gross Gallery

Through July 6

Part II: Small Sculpture Invitational: Works by Women. More surprises in different media that are 24 inches or smaller. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Info, 621-7570.

UA Museum of Art

Closing July 3

"Art Across America: Teachers and Their Students." A study in influence featuring paintings, murals, sculpture, drawings etc., by college art teachers and their students. Includes works from out-of-state colleges.

Closing July 3

"Florence Puterman: Paintings and Monoprints." Recent works by this Pennsylvania artist, heavily influenced by Southwest Native American petroglyphs and ceremonies. See how an Easterner views the West. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., noon-4 p.m. 621-7567.

UA Rotunda Gallery

Through Aug. 6

UA fine arts graduate Gary Swimmer's abstract paintings in acrylic and oil. "A sensuous journey through the eyes of a romantic man of the '80s." Info, 621-1414.

UA State Museum

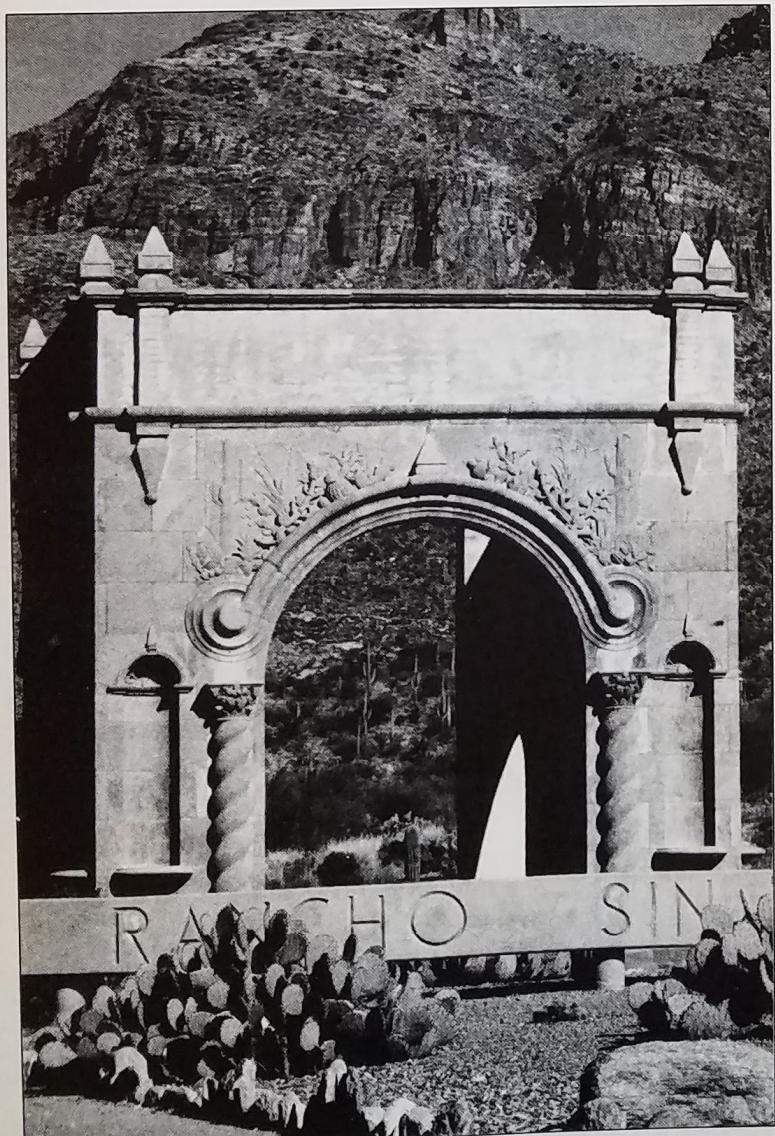
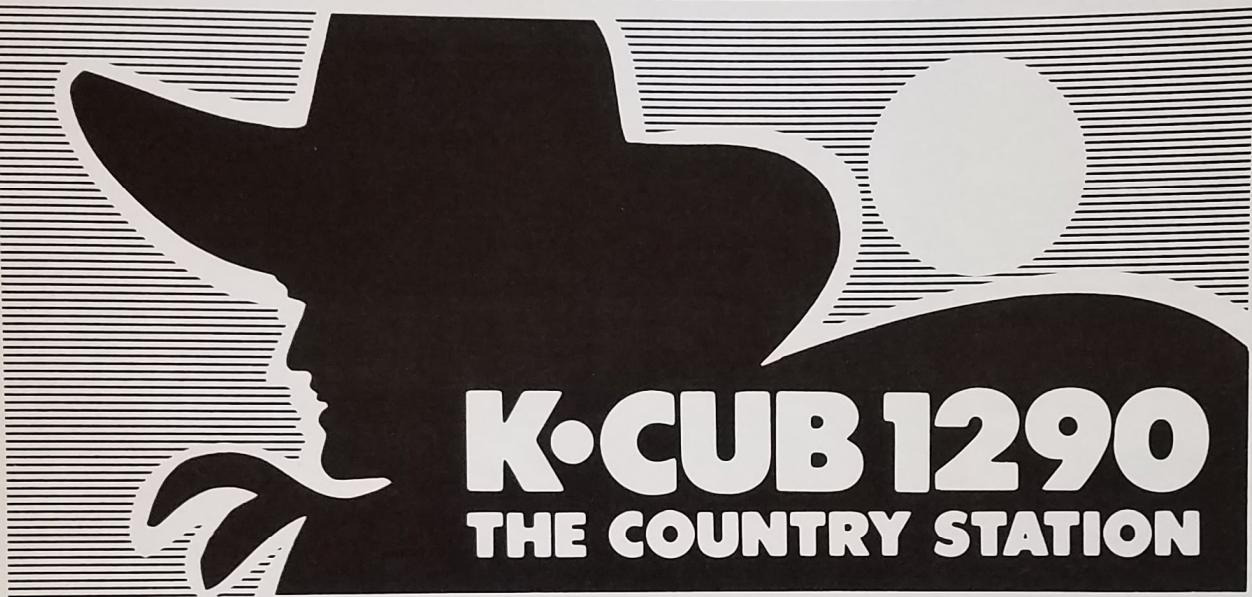
Through August

"Building for a Century: Historic Architecture at the University of Arizona." Every picture tells the story of the development and growth of our university. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 2-5 p.m. Free. Info, 621-6302.

UA Union Gallery

Through Aug. 4

"Realm of Perceptions: Works by Six Western Artists," featuring Mary Ann Bonjouini, Rob Gischer, Maggie Keane, John Komisar, Meryl Poticha and Andree Richmond. Part of the **Tucson Summer Arts Festival**. Mon.-Fri., 10-4 p.m. Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. UA Student Union, main floor. Info, 621-3546.

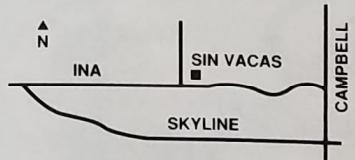


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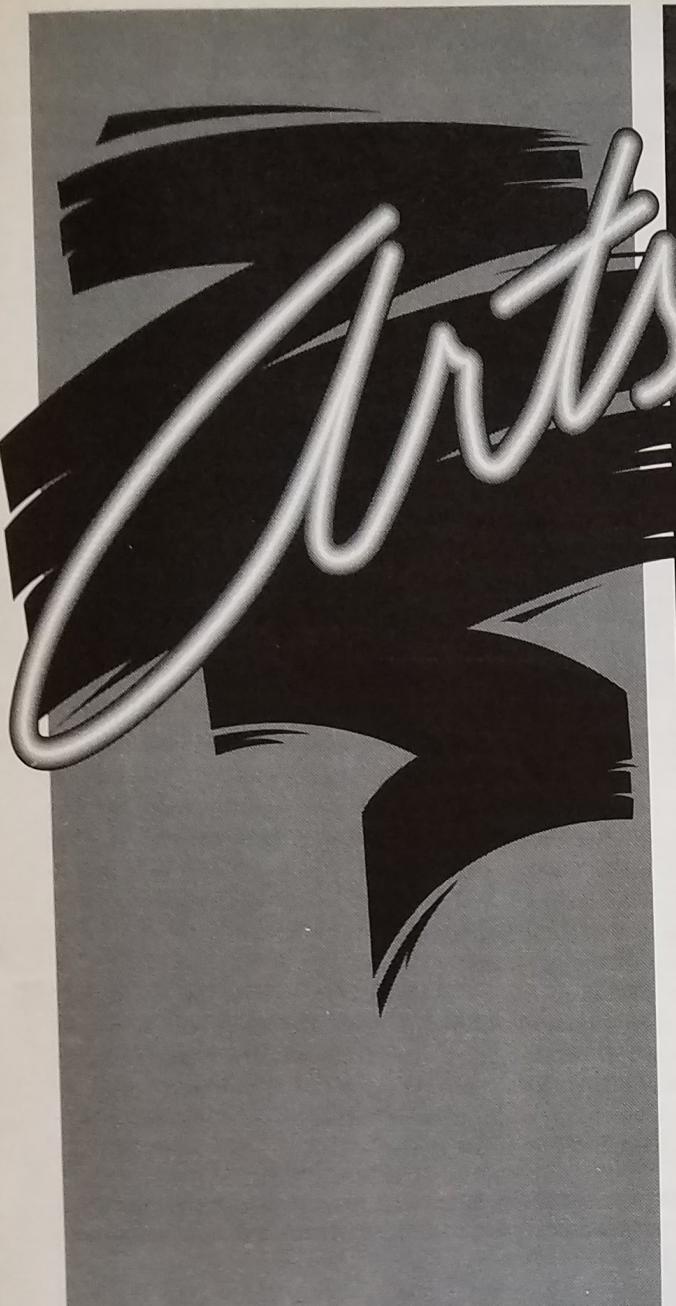
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Sin Vacas



John Miller of the rock/country Tucson Garden Nite Club.

Photo by Hal Gould

ROCKIN' AND ROPIN'

BY LAURA GREENBERG

John Miller's a musical icon in this town, having owned and operated three now-defunct clubs: Choo-Choo's, Stumble Inn and The Outlaw. But he wasn't out of commission long before he opened the Tucson Garden Nite Club in March of 1987.

Seems he's found a winning format for Tucson, putting on more than thirty shows in fourteen months. On a recent evening a sold-out house of 790 came to listen to the heavy-metal guitar licks of Molly Hatchet. A few nights later the club easily switched to foot-stomping c & w tunes on what's been dubbed "Country Sundays."

If Miller can make money on country music, how come the Bar-M, The Rose and The Overland have closed their doors to the folks who crave songs about busted hearts and broken beer bottles? Perhaps it's because "country" has jumped off its bucking bronco to merge more with rock 'n' roll, new-age, new-wave and other brand-name music. The public, according to Miller, is finally basing its view of country music on the talents of the individuals who twang it, rather than lumping it into a dreaded category believed to be appreciated only by rodeo people. (Actually, Miller says, most of the rodeo folks he knows listen to rock.)

The Garden opened its first Country Sunday this spring with Desert Rose Canyon band. Soon, Big Truck emerged with local country-pop-rock hound George Hawke and his former rival Bob Meighan playing for crowds of 400 people. That's a crowd in this town, where bands cry for human applause and bitch that nothing's happening in the Old Pueblo.

Naturally, Miller says his club is the only place in town—even in the entire Southwest—where any real music is happening, and he adds that we've only seen the beginning. He describes the Garden as a combination of former clubs. "The marginal bars can't exist anymore. You can't be just country." Or just rock, or jazz or any other single type of music.

Miller notes with some interest that people who are diehard country listeners are basically conservative, down-home people, while the artists these days are hipper, more fast-lane, even taken to wearing earrings. He doesn't think there is a re-emergence, just a crossover that's been accepted by the public. Country artists are packaging themselves slicker and quicker than they used to.

The demographics of country night crowds are broad—from the just-lawful twenty-one-year olds to those on the plus side of fifty. People who like to

ARTS

dance as couples, people who grew up with their pickup trucks as their best friends and an uncommitted audience, about twenty percent, who'll come and listen to anything the Garden is putting on. John Miller wants it to be known as "an entertainment facility" and adds, "We have things we want to do that we're waiting for people to get ready for, like big band

serious fun, playing old hits to people who could sing along. They applauded when a band member hooted at them "screw you" in German.

It's what reunions are all about. Hawke told the audience repeatedly that there were no Dusty Chaps albums to be had—anywhere. But, luckily, he had tapes for sale. That's why he's one of the musicians in town not

"The marginal bars can't exist anymore. You can't be just country." Or just rock, or jazz or any other single type of music.

stuff and comedy nights."

When the Dusty Chaps played their twentieth reunion party at the club, the place bulged with the joys and horrors of Tucson's past. There were politicos, dentists, advertising reps, writers, lawyers and even, rumor has it, a judge. Many of today's local establishment were still attending UA when the Chaps were playing the Poco Loco. But this popular band, its members now advancing toward middle-age with kids and mortgages and singing a bit off key, were having

complaining of starvation. Meanwhile, twentieth reunion T-shirts sold out so fast that people lined up and placed orders. The crowd of 790 (though it appeared closer to 1,000) danced and drank all night long. And everyone went home with a story to tell.

The club has some steaming acts coming up during the summer months—tentatively scheduled is Gene Watson with the sultry Emmy Lou Harris in July and Steve Warner in August.



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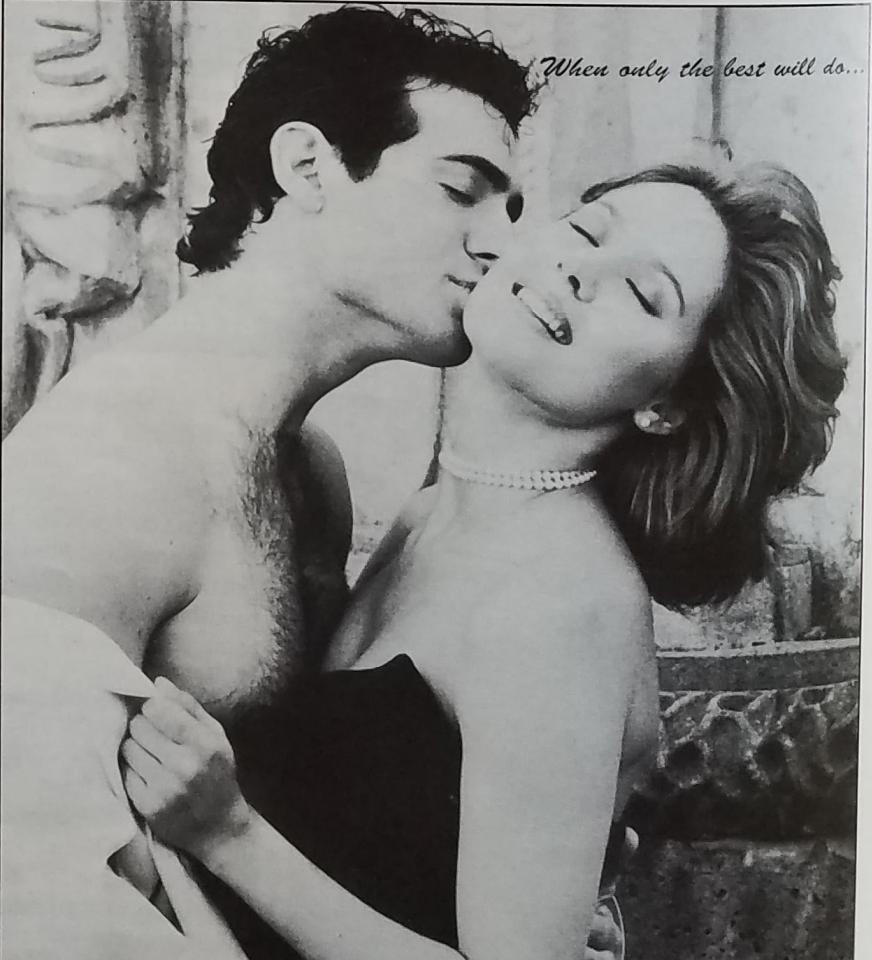
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GOODBYE TO THE POTTERY CENTER

You won't have Allen Ginsberg to kick around anymore

BY TAMARA HATZINGER

When I heard the University of Arizona Poetry Center at 1086 North Highland Avenue was one of the buildings that eventually would be razed to make way for new lanes on Speedway Boulevard, I wasn't exactly heartbroken. It isn't as though flattening buildings in the name of road improvements is unique in this town. Besides, I don't use the Poetry Center. But I do use Speedway. Twice a day. Monday through Friday. During suicide hours.

Which also means that I've passed the Poetry Center twice a day for years and didn't even know it was there.

I wasn't alone in my ignorance. I started asking people on campus, in shopping malls and grocery store parking lots if they knew of the center. A lot of them, even students from the building just down the street, had never heard of the place. Lois Shelton, the center's director, wasn't surprised. She told me about her friend who only recently discovered where she works. She pointed it out to him as they drove

past one day. He was a bit surprised since he had always thought the sign said POTTERY center.

I suppose the mistake wouldn't be hard to make, since the sign, like the center, is quiet, unassuming and very, very plain. The Poetry Center tends to get lost in the shadows of its multi-story, brick-and-steel neighbors. It looks just like all the rest of the university's anonymous little annex buildings.

The center's reading room has an aura of peacefulness that comes from more than having been virtually deserted the times I was there. Indifferent as I was to poetry, I still couldn't help noticing the wise, encouraging air enclosed within those walls.

Perhaps it's because of the living-room atmosphere, or maybe it's because poetry volumes surround the room. The few shelf spaces that aren't filled by prose and poetry are taken by its authors.

Pictures of poets who have been guests of the center over its twenty-

APOLOGY FOR MODERN POETRY

BY STEVE ORLEN

"Listen, you guys," she said, "how come all the poets go to college these days? I was just thinking." She was eating a slice of crumb cake, raising each forkful slowly, then popping it into her mouth. She swallowed without chewing.

"Amen," said the hostess. "They'll get over it eventually. Then the poets will do something else. There's always rock 'n' roll."

"No," said the woman with the crumb cake. "They should go to Paris. Or the Islands. Somebody has to be bohemian. Or else how will we know who we are?" She patted her lips and asked the hostess for just a tad more coffee.

"Who are we?" asked the man at the far end of table. He was chunky and very tall, but his legs were short. He always surprised people when he stood up, like that drowning ad with Wilt Chamberlain in the shallow end of the pool.

"I'm so sick of poetry," said the woman with crumb cake. "There's maybe ten good ones and the rest sound like monkeys in a barrel." She pouted for a few seconds. Then she smiled as though she'd found the answer to all problems of repetition. "That's the way it is with everything." She glanced into the bottom of her coffee cup. "How come you have such small dinner parties? Hey, I don't exactly mean this, but I wish we could all take off our clothes and talk honest with each other. At least just for tonight."

"Amen," said the hostess. She cleared the table. They could hear her running the water in the kitchen sink.

"I'm not exactly sure," said the tall, chunky man with short legs. □

Steve Orlen is the director of the UA creative writing department.

STUDIO ONE

For Hair and Nails



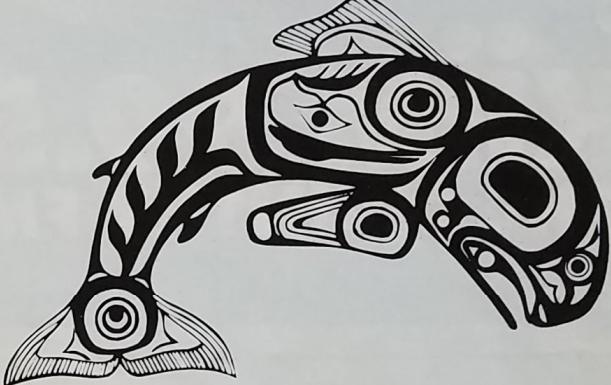
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eight years stare down from the walls like icons of guardian angels and patron saints.

I was kind of disappointed, looking at the pictures, though. There wasn't a single woman who didn't look like someone's mother. The men could have been accountants. No one resembled the image of poets I had from an old episode of the "Partridge Family." There were no thin, bearded men wearing turtlenecks and tie-dye and shaggy felt berets while beating bongos.

There's Robert Frost. He dedicated the center. Years ago, so I'm told, a capacity crowd filled what is now Centennial Hall to hear him speak.

And there's Allen Ginsberg. His appearance at the Poetry Center was immortalized in the May 9, 1969 issue of *Time Magazine*:

"In Tucson to give a poetry reading at the University of Arizona, Ginsberg held a typically em-purpled news conference; then he began berating AP correspondent Bob Thomas about a story that had appeared in the *Tucson Daily Citizen* criticizing the poet for his self-proclaimed sexual aberrations. When Thomas finally walked away, the guru followed and shouted obscenities at him. Whereupon Thomas wheeled and clouted Ginsberg twice on his shrub-bordered mouth. 'Ah, those were only words I was speakin'!" cried Ginsberg."

All around the room, more pictures—John Ashberry, Czeslaw Milosz, Stephen Spender. Over there is Yevgeny Yevtushenko. He was in *Time* too. He literally left his mark on the Poetry Center:

*I bless everybody unblessed by God.
Those in shoes and those unshod.*

He began something of a tradition when he wrote those lines on a wall of the guest house behind the center that accommodates visiting artists. Others followed his example and penned, crayoned or penciled thoughts and signatures.

Now the guest house walls are silent. The writings were painted over when they became smudged and illegible. It seems to me that the voices of poetry itself, instead of shouting in full color, also have become quieter since those days.

So quiet it's been a long time since I've heard poetry discussed at parties. And it's been a while since I've seen a poet take up much space in *Time*.

So quiet I never realized there is an incredible amount of nationally-known talent in Tucson: Drummond Hadley, Jane Miller, Michael Cuddihy, Peter Wild, Jon and Barbara Anderson, Bill Clipman, Nancy Mairs, Karen Brennan, Richard Shelton, Steve Orlen—if I continued listing names there would be no room for the rest of this arts section.

Perhaps it's a good thing the city has come along and prodded the Poetry Center out of its complacency. The full collection: pictures, books, including forty boxes in storage gathering dust for only Lois knows how long, are to be moved to another house on Speedway, near Olive Street, a move for a Creative Writing Center that would include the Poetry Center is on their wish list.

To get from the wish list and into the capital construction budget means convincing the university's elders that a center is necessary, and finding the money to build it. Lois Shelton said she didn't think the Poetry Center had to sell people on poetry. But will a new building have a prayer if few people even know about the existing one? □

Tamara Hatzinger is a UA journalism student.

THE PRECIOUS MOMENTS APPEAL



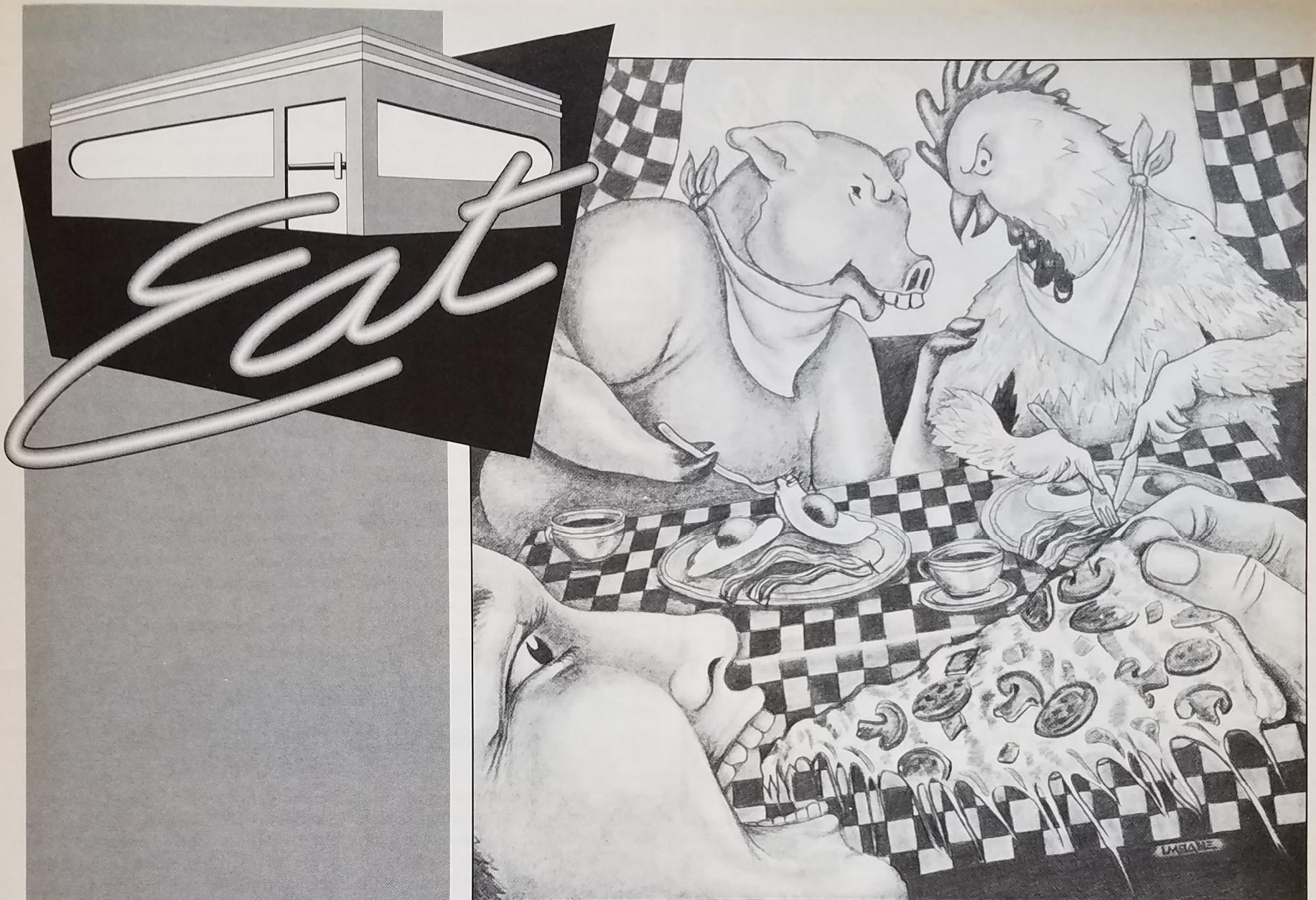
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Lois McLane

WAKE UP & SMELL THE LASAGNA

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

It's eight in the morning, and I'm in a booth at The Good Earth eating a nice plate of lasagna. Yes, lasagna.

Patty, my wife, is looking at me the way Reagan would look at Noriega, if they were ever to meet. It's pure, unadulterated disgust.

"How can you eat that stuff at this hour of the morning?" she asks.

"They didn't have pizza."

"I don't know you," she groans, returning to an intense communion with her waffle.

I like The Good Earth because it's one of the few restaurants in town that will serve me something other than breakfast food at the breakfast hour. I haven't yet tried the beef kabobs or chile at the dawn's early light, but I may. Owner Norm Land says anything on the menu, with an occasional exception, is available all day long.

"We do get some people in here who'll order, say, fresh fish at nine in the morning," says Land. "It happens a couple of times a week. We have one customer who invariably orders the walnut and mushroom casserole for breakfast; we call her the 'Walmush Lady.'"

Land, I'm happy to report, does not think that either the Walmush Lady or me, Mr. Lasagna-in-

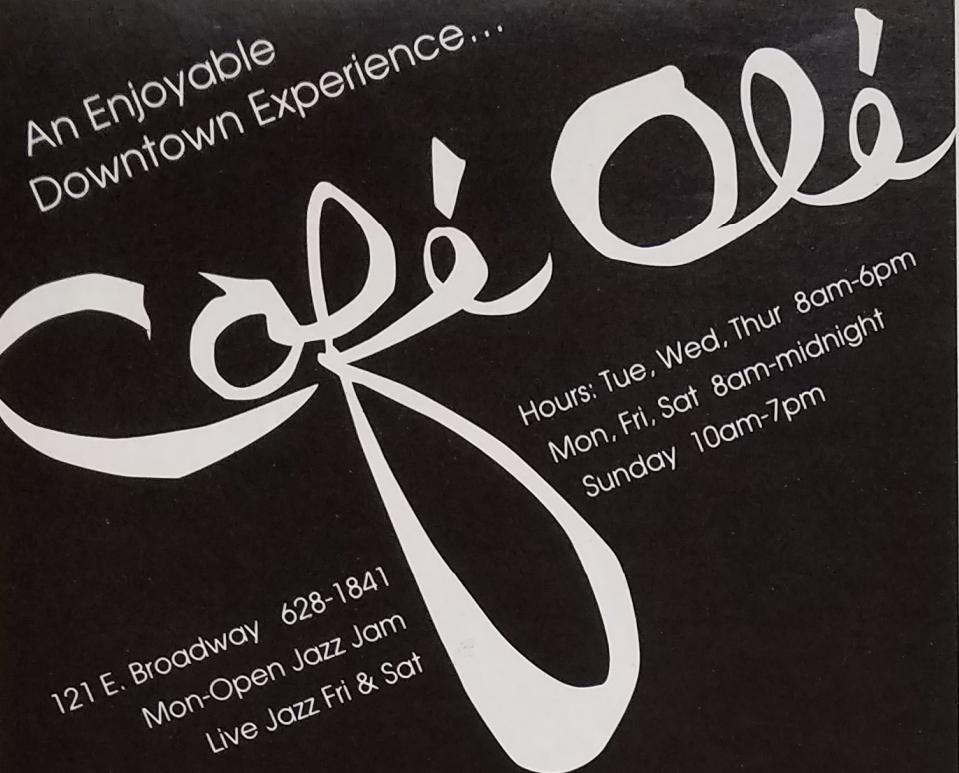
the-mañana, are weird. He shares my feelings about breakfast in America, which is that it constitutes the nail in the tire of life. It is predictable, bland, monotonous and bad for us. As a restauranteur, he loves eggs—their profit margin is terrific—but as a breakfast eater, he's bored silly with them.

As am I. As a free-lance writer I travel a lot, and I never wake up in a Hojo or Ramada in a strange city without gloom at the prospect of facing the insipid coffee, stale juice, oversalted sausage, rubber eggs and oil-soaked toast that I know I'm going to get in the motel restaurant.

A few times I've tried driving around until I found one of those cutesy breakfast speciality restaurants with excruciatingly cheery floral wallpaper and an egg-pun name ("Eggatrends," "The Running Yolk"). I've decided it is not worth the bother; the only advantage is a selection of six kinds of omelets rather than three. If there's a Burger King or Jack-in-the-Box in the neighborhood I sometimes dine there, because their insipid coffee, stale juice, oversalted sausage, rubber egg and microwaved croissant at least has the merit of being cheap. The magazine editors who pay for my travel seem to like that.

On what distant planet do breakfast chefs park their imaginations? Let's start with the most ubiquitous item in American breakfasts: scrambled eggs.

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Why do chefs suspend their critical faculties when it comes to the quality of ingredients they use between 6 and 11 a.m.? For example:

Recently I tried breakfast at the Hilton on East Broadway. For a breakfast menu, this one is respectably ambitious, even if excessively eggy. There's a cheese blintz, a tostada quiche, and a "smoked salmon jasmine" with salmon, scrambled eggs with sour cream, pâté de foie gras, truffles and hollandaise, all piled on an English muffin.

where you're eating; the menu reads eggs, eggs, eggs, pancakes/waffles and Rice Krispies.

"We have this attitude of what breakfast should be, and we're unwilling to consider change," says Norm Land. "We're myopic, we're mired in habit. Even I can't think of anything new and original to do for breakfast. For the last month, we've been offering a 'Swiss granola,' which is our own granola, yogurt and fruit. But it's not really original; it's made up of other things we had on the breakfast menu before."

Steve Meinhausen, owner of Coffee Etc., has had some original ideas. He's tried breakfast stir-fries and Cajun-style eye-openers with oddities such as crayfish. He's even offered trout almandine. And he's been burned—nobody's wanted them. "America has a problem," he says. "If it doesn't have eggs in it, it's not breakfast."

He thinks he knows why. It's the

On what distant planet do breakfast chefs park their imaginations?

The moment you sit down, a waiter appears with orange juice, which he pours into a ten-ounce wine glass. Nice touch. Looks wonderful. Tastes like whatever it is Hughes Aircraft uses to wash rocket motors.

"Is this fresh-squeezed orange juice?" I asked our waitress.

"Yes, it comes in a gallon container that says 'fresh-squeezed' on the label."

"Why don't you buy a box of oranges, like I do at home, and *really* fresh-squeeze it?"

"Gee, that's a good question. 'Cuz I know this stuff is really expensive."

(In fact, the Hilton's breakfasts also aren't as interesting as they seem on the menu. They look exotic, but taste as bland as everybody else's.)

Example number two: One of the best restaurant breakfasts in Tucson is the machaca and eggs at Micha's on South 4th Avenue. But the worst restaurant coffee—and there's clamorous competition for that prize—is also on the table at Micha's.

It doesn't make sense. In Mexico, the coffee is far richer and stronger than the pale brown bilge we meekly sip here. Why should an honest Mexican restaurant serve bad gringo coffee? Would Micha use tortillas from Iowa? Jalapeños from Manitoba? Heavens, Ev Mecham probably drinks something stronger than this.

But all this criticism of available breakfasts is almost beside the point. The real problem is that so little variety is available. It hardly matters

breakfast hour, and we're talking on the phone. "I'm looking out at about eighty people eating breakfast," he says. "Many of them are in deep conversation. Some are reading newspapers or magazines. One man is sketching. These people aren't absorbed in the breakfast itself; their emphasis is on entertainment."

Meinhausen is right. We don't see breakfast as an opportunity for pleasurable dining. We see it as fuel. We don't care if it's boring, because we have something to distract us—the newspaper, the *Today* show, a power meeting. And we're willing to accept a restaurant's dreary breakfast repertoire because we're conditioned to the same in our homes. We won't take the time to make an interesting breakfast, because we're too anxious to move on to the real business of the day.

I'm mad as heck, and I'm not taking it any more. I've radicalized my thinking about breakfast, and I'm willing to try damn near anything. It's nine o'clock on a morning a few days after the breakfast lasagna, and I'm finishing this article on a tummy full of homemade crab-and-gouda enchiladas. (Note: try a little nutmeg.) Patty is coming around; she said they were weird but actually not bad. Tomorrow I may make a cold fruit-and-cream cheese pizza. See how an entire culinary universe can open up once you unlock your thinking?

See how quickly your house guests vanish when you employ such bountiful imagination? □

LET'S GO FOR IT!

Teenagers at the Tack Room

BY LAURA GREENBERG

You only go around once, someone selling beer used to say. So with a high school graduation, sixth-grade graduation, and assorted birthdays, a celebration dinner was in order. The family debated. Luby's? Naw, we always go there. How about some place nice, said Peter, eighteen. Like the Solarium. Hell, let's go for it, said the old man. The Tack Room.

This from the head of a household that bases its grocery shopping on where Pepsi is on sale. The reaction was fear: Isn't there a dress code? The man taking reservations for five said "heatandall," pronounced as one word, allowed some leeway. No blue jeans, and shirts with collars a must.

Peter emerged in a clean white shirt and wrinkled pants from the bottom of his closet. Andy, nineteen, had adopted the pirate look: billowing shirt, a gold earring and pants legs stuck in cowboy boots. Carrie, eleven, looked like a princess, the only one who really knew how to dress with any class.

In true five-star fashion, no one arched an eyebrow when we arrived. We were whisked to our waiting table. Carrie, who generally plops herself into chairs, was wary when the captain attempted to slide her toward the table, ending up a foot short.

The kids declared the room medieval. King Arthur's Court. Solid wood chairs with wine-colored leather and brass upholstery tacks. Hallmark views of the Catalinas at sunset. Gold Tack Room matchbooks were quickly seized as souvenirs. The copper plates concerned them. "Do we eat on these?"

Tall, tuxedoed men descended, filling goblets with water, and apologized that the Tack Room didn't stock root beer while they garnished the table with a relish tray. It was subject for debate. Sour cabbage? Sweet rice?

The Captain distributed leather-bound menus that looked like the Great Books while delivering a soliloquy on the chef's specials in a voice suited to Shakespearean theater. Someone noted that the "special" was \$42.50. We pondered appetizers, and finally played it safe, ignoring the European beet soup. Two sets of warmed artichoke hearts in garlic butter sauce, one smoked salmon with pasta and a rich onion soup with melted Gruyère were passed around. Dad's pâté was all his; no takers for goose liver.

Nervous looks greeted the lemon sorbet in chilled high-stemmed glasses. Dessert? "This is to cleanse your palates before the main course," Dad explained, confusing them even more. "Don't worry; it's like Italian ice." Carrie whispered, "You know how most restaurants have their first dollar bill on the wall? I bet they've got their first hundred-dollar bill."

Entree choices: two veal piccata dressed in kiwi fruit; one filet mignon with two sauces, one beef stock, the other egg yolk; one order of tenderloin medallions with bernaise sauce and mushroom caps. Andy opted for the gourmet version of turf 'n' surf—tournedos of Guaymas shrimp and beef filet. A second round of fresh dill rolls was joined by orange nut bread. Amid oohs and aahs, forkfuls were passed around the table like Chinese take-out. Whatever was left quickly vanished into those dark holes known as teenage stomachs.

Real reviewers sometimes love Tack Room bashing, nickel and diming every ingredient in Tucson's only restaurant rated among ten in the nation as five-star by the *Mobil Guide*. But for kids brought up in the fast-food lane, leisurely dining, doting waiters who treated them like human beings and water glasses that were never allowed to reach the halfway mark—this was high-end Disneyland for the taste buds.

The food was pronounced fantastic (except for the relish tray), the service almost overwhelming. Etiquette was the real concern. For the first time, all those years of lecturing about social graces came home. Expressions flashed from fright to nervous to pure pleasure. Peter even asked if it was permissible to visit the men's room.

Dessert? Why not? Baked Alaska for two, flambéed tableside in brandy; raspberries soaked in liqueur, topped with fresh cream; indescribably rich chocolate mousse with hazel nuts in a Grand Marnier sauce that looked like a Rothko painting; pecan and cream cheese pie with fresh cherries and a graham cracker crust. Again, the forks flew.

Now, we were at the bursting point. But the captain persisted. A goodbye kiss of rich chocolate-nut truffles finished us off.

Except for long stemmed roses for the ladies and a \$192 check for Dad.

It was worth it.

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• Beef • Chicken • Fish • Shrimp

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Back in Tucson's distant past, like about twenty-five years ago, the population center of town was approximately at the intersection of Broadway and Alvernon. Annexations and urban sprawl haven't effected that much, as I am now told by reliable sources that the approximate center has moved only about a mile, near 22nd and Swan.

Which makes it time to review restaurants from a part of town that hasn't had much attention lately, the approximate center—a square mile bordered by Alvernon, 29th, Swan, and 22nd. A working-class square mile, close to "The Base." As Tucsonans spread farther from it, they tend to forget Davis-Monthan.

(Nostalgia time. Who can remember seeing the oldest birds on their way to the big shredder? I can recall mammoth piles of F-84 Thunderjets awaiting the melting pot and the last of the B-36s winging in from Puerto Rico to their final resting place. Anybody go back as far as the P-40?)

Time to move on to the chow.

Start at Alvernon and 22nd and note that the DeAnza Drive-In still stands. Joe Bob Briggs would be happy about that. Head south on Alvernon, and bypass the fast food places. Turn left into one of those newly built cheapie shopping centers just before the corner of 29th, this one called "Parkway Business Center." Midway, in #207, you will find a place called **Perfect Pizza and Pasta**—about twenty feet wide, with a dozen tables in a small dining room. I can't tell you about the perfection of the pasta yet, but the pizza comes damn close. I tried the eight-inch "personal" and for \$2.85 got a great sausage and pepperoni. Good sauce, real cheese, and sliced real sausage.

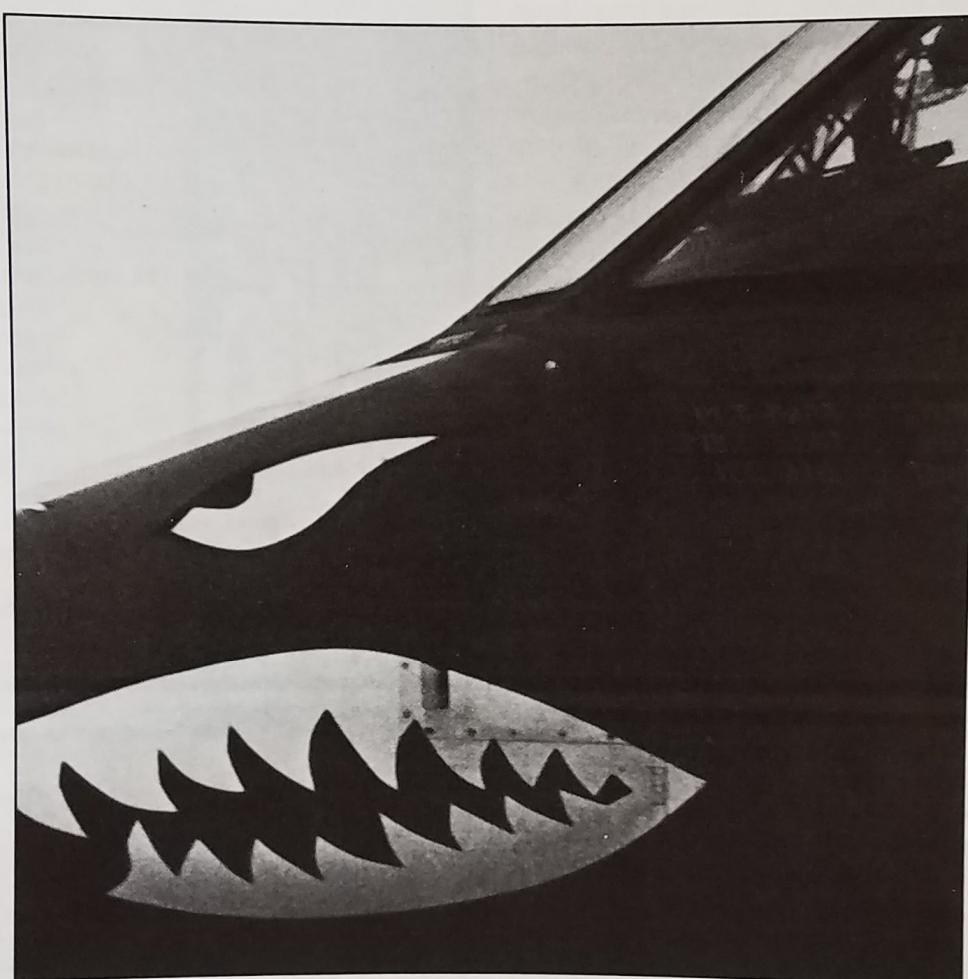
For a place this tiny, the menu is awesome. Sixteen sandwich variations each served on a ten-inch sub roll, grilled onions and peppers optional, no charge: \$4.95. Eighteen pizza toppings, three sizes, sixteen-inch large from \$8.55. Five-inch subs at \$2.95. Twelve pasta variations at lunch for \$3.95 each, and a dinner menu that includes six chicken and six veal variations and shrimp scampi or marsala, at \$8.95. If the rest of this stuff is as good as the pizza, go for it. Open 11 a.m.-9 p.m., seven days a week. I plan to be back.

Next stop, right around the corner on the south side of 29th just east of Alvernon is **Luke's**, housed in a former fast-fooder after a couple false starts at other locations. The logo on the sign is a guy in a trenchcoat, symbolizing Luke, the former Chicago cop who went into the restaurant business almost ten years ago. The interior contains tons of Chicago sports memorabilia—Cub and Bear pennants, hats,

PARK THE A-10 AND FILL YOUR BELLY TANK

Good chow around DM

BY EMIL FRANZI



posters, team pics etc. The basic unit of cuisine here is sausage, although they back that up with a great roast beef sandwich. Grilled bratwurst, Polish and Italian are the three mainstays. They come with fries in the same paper that wraps a great bun containing your choice of the above. Drive-in window, so you can take out or walk in and flop down at a booth. Bratwurst and Polish, \$2.50; Italian \$2.75. Approaches greatness. From 10 a.m.-9 p.m. daily.

About a mile farther east, just past Swan, north side of 29th, you'll find one of Tucson's great institutions. Now called **Famous Sam's**, and spinning off satellites on Palo Verde and on Ruthrauff, this was known for years as Sam's Tavern and featured great sandwiches and burgers. Still does. (I have a deep fondness for this place because it's where Constable Steve Sherrick and I have collected innumerable beer and sandwich bets for outshooting the pigeons who dare to try us at the Marksman Pistol Range

down the street.) Burgers start at \$3.25 and are half-pounders served on a large oblong French roll. If you don't want to jack around (except maybe with jack cheese) they got a double burger—one whole pound of meat. Other sandwiches are equally magnificent. I lean to the hot pastrami. Many pool tables in back. Oversized TV centrally located. Waitresses, apparently hired for how well they fit into jeans, exhibit strong personality traits and are, well, lippy. Lots of regulars. Could become a Redneck "Cheers."

Back to Swan, over to 22nd, and hang a right. Just past Yin Yin Chinese Restaurant (HQ for the Tucson Press Club, whatever that may be these days and subject of a future column) you'll find the **Homeplate** at 4880 on the south side of 22nd. The batting cages in the back are the draw here—test your skill. Again, lots of pool tables and an oversized TV. Besides burgers, dogs and chili, which all pass muster, the surprise here was the Mexican

food. Usually gringo bars pick it up at the Price Club, but the shredded beef burro at \$3.50 was huge, tasty and wrapped in a pretty good tortilla. Washed down with a sixty-five-cent draft Bud, it enabled this place to make my chart.

Then west past Swan on 22nd, past Ali Shan at 4373 East (which I can report is an above-average Szechuan Chinese restaurant), down to 4209 and one of Tucson's real crown jewels, **Eddie and Debbie's Bread and Butter Cafe**. Breakfast and lunch only, 5 a.m.-2 p.m. Breakfasts rival the best in town. The menu proudly states, "We make substitutions," which Jack Nicholson surely would appreciate. The back page is a list of custom combos named after the customers who invented them. I had two eggs, hashbrowns, biscuits and gravy and a big slice of ham for \$3.10. The biscuits were the lightest for miles around. World-class. Daily lunch specials come in at under three bucks and include soup, veggie and bread and butter. There's chicken-fried steak daily from 9:30 a.m. for \$2.99 with real mashed potatoes. I've purposely laid off that delicacy 'til I get around to doing my next update on it, but if it's anywhere near the quality of everything else, including the homemade pies, we may have greatness here, folks. Real Food Hall of Fame material. Four stars. Should be declared a historic site.

We end up at that old standby down the street on the other side, **Johnnie's**. Thirty years of real food, with a salad bar creeping in. One of Tucson's better spots and open twenty-four hours, which makes it first choice for all kinds of stuff after 2 p.m. or before 5 a.m., because outside that time frame, **Eddie and Debbie's** cleans their clock.

There it is, the center of town, the heartland of Tucson. And in many ways, the heartland of America.

MORETTI BEER UPDATE:

On the wine list at **Caruso's**, I never read wine lists; I just order the house Chianti. Sorry I missed that one, folks.

ONTARIO, CA. UPDATE:

Spike's Teriyaki took it in the shorts. Replaced by a Mexican bakery. However, one mile away, on 4th, I found the **Teriyaki Hut** with, get this, a teriyaki burrito. Now there's a culture blend.

CHICKEN-FRIED STEAK UPDATE:

Windy Cindy's twenty-four-hour truckstop, next to Crazy Fred's on the I-10 access road, Prince Road exit-Big—twenty-six square inches by actual measure. White gravy, potatoes, veggie, soup, roll—\$4.85.

Nu REVUES

Bar-B-Q Ranch 5123 E. Speedway

On the very spot and in the same building where the late, lamented and magnificent Rodger's Deli once stood, Bar-B-Q Ranch is doing its best to live up to the legacy of great, cheap food. What makes or breaks a barbecue is the sauce. These folks come in A-OK with both a mild and a hot version. The hot is about one point above Pat's on the spice meter, and the mild is not without authority. Good beginning.

From there it gets even more subjective. I was more than happy with both the flavor and texture of the sauce (available at \$3.95 per quart mild, \$4.15 hot) and the quality of the beef, pork, chicken and ribs. Beef sandwiches and Sloppy Joes are cheap, cheap, cheap at \$2.60 each a la carte, and the beginning burger is a mere \$2.10. For ninety cents more, add two side orders from a list of seven: potato salad, ranch bread, applesauce, fries, beans, cole slaw and a real winner called twice-baked potato. Can't report on the coleslaw 'cause I never touch the stuff, but the ranch beans and bread were well above average.

Ribs come in full and half racks of pork or beef, and chickens in whole or half birds for serious eaters. Nothing over \$10. Finish it off with a fruit "Kobbler" at ninety-five cents. Open daily 'til 9 p.m.; Fri. & Sat. 'til 10 p.m. 323-3118.

—Redneck.

Keaton's Restaurant Foothills Mall

The big draw at Foothills Mall, besides shopping, are the movie theaters, the museum and Keaton's Restaurant. Keaton's bills itself as a haven for specialty seafoods, flying in fresh fish several times a week from all over the East Coast. I remember when fish in Tucson meant Mrs. Paul's, the stuff all my Catholic friends were force-fed on Fridays. No more. If you don't eat fish these days, you simply have no

taste (but you probably do have a high cholesterol level). In addition to their acclaimed oyster bar, Keaton's serves fresh salmon, swordfish and—depending on what's available and tasty—halibut, orange roughy (a mild white fish from New Zealand) and mahi-mahi. All fish dinners are baked or broiled over mesquite, and if a sauce is included, you'll find it neatly stashed to the side of your plate. The price for most of the dinners is \$12.95 and includes soup or salad (spinach or tossed), choice of baked potato/boiled new potatoes or rice pilaf, and fresh sautéed vegetable of the season. Seven different fresh fish dinners are offered daily.

If you like to sink your teeth into something that doesn't swim, they offer a full line of choice steaks, prime rib, burgers, omelettes and sandwiches. Last time my friend and I visited, he indulged in the prime rib dip (\$5.75), thinly sliced beef with mushrooms and melted Swiss cheese served with au jus on the side. He devoured it. I opted for the French onion soup (\$2.50), a thick layer of toasted cheese topping the all-important soft bread that was soaked without being soggy. The broth was rich and not greasy, the onions sliced so they weren't spaghetti length. I also ate enormous amounts of fried zucchini (\$3.50), breaded lightly and actually cooked al dente, dipping it in thick garlic-ranch dressing. No matter the fat content, I thoroughly enjoyed the pig out.

The atmosphere is pleasant. Not too "fern-bar," but with enough wood and plants to be pleasing to the eye. Green is the dominant color of the booths and laminated wood tables.

A word for parents who like to eat out but usually get stuck taking the clan to a fast-food joint because that's all the kids can stand to eat, or the folks don't want to drop fifteen bucks on their babies: Even the most finicky of children can find something here—they even have peanut butter & jelly sandwiches prepared at the table—at kid's prices. All this while you enjoy steak or lobster tails.

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EAT

This is an upscale place without being snobby. The food is quite good, the service excellent without being fawning. Obviously I like it, I keep coming back. Full bar and a patio where the tables come with Cinzano overhangs. Hours 11:30 a.m.-10 p.m. daily. Major credit cards. Non-smoking section. Wheelchair access. 297-1999.
—Country.

Overpass Family Restaurant 1423 W. Miracle Mile

If you want some real nostalgia, don't bother to mess around with all those fake '50s places that are springing up. Head for the real thing. The Overpass may have been around longer than the I-10 fixture it's named after. (The current residents figure at least forty years.)

The first part of the restaurant, barely altered over those four decades (as you can tell by looking at the fixtures), was a small building containing the lunch counter, nine round stools affixed to the floor and a couple of side booths. Later, expansion added the second part containing another ten booths or so. Have a seat at the counter, look around and you'll expect to see Bogey lighting one up for Liz Scott while he stares down at her legs.

Breakfasts are unique. Biscuits and gravy, \$1.29, "until we're out." A big sign declares "We serve grits." Best of all, "Ground beef SOS with hash browns, \$1.65—until 11 a.m." A lunch special proclaims "chicken in a basket, \$2.99." I doubt if this menu has had an add-on since the 1st Marines popularized steak and eggs (from Australia) just after WWII.

Best sign of all: "Dishwasher wanted," handwritten and taped up by the front door.

Good chow. Great time-warp. Genuine people, no role-playing. 791-0297.
—Redneck.

Wokman Restaurant 3250 E. Speedway

This place bills itself as "the first New York-style Chinese restaurant in Tucson." Fortunately, that doesn't mean you get rude service, overpriced food and a guy behind the cash register from the Middle East who doesn't speak English.

The idea is basically sound. Most Chinese food is REAL fast food, so why not just speed up the process, hang pictures of the stuff on the wall and let everybody order by number? Then *nobody* has to speak English. They can knock out any of ten combinations, thirty entrees, or four side orders in about the same length of time it would take you to get a What-

A-Burger, but with much better results. In fact, Wokman replaced a What-A-Burger, which almost compensates for the recent loss of Pe-king Mandarin on Campbell to a new Eegee's.

Almost, but not quite. Wokman does a fine job of delivering what it's designed to deliver. Rice bowls (Singapore chicken or teriyaki) start at \$2.75 and include egg roll and fried rice. Highest price is for five-flavors shrimp at \$7.95, which comes with steamed rice. Rest of the stuff comes in at normal Oriental food prices—chow mein and chop sueys at \$3.99, garlic chicken at \$5.25, Mongolian beef at \$4.99, and moo goo gai pan at \$5.25. Delivery available with minimum order. You can watch the cooks do their thing in a large open kitchen. Beats watching the burgers that used to get flipped at the same spot. 881-4686.

—Redneck.

ENCORES

Lu's 5012 N. Oracle Rd.

A family operation based on the skills of Chef Jung Han Lu, who spent eighteen years at the Grand Hotel in Taipei owned by Madame Chiang. Mandarin and Szechuan food is the cornerstone here, and if you like it *hot*, try the stir-fried beef. If you're here on a slow night, ask Chef Lu to use his imagination. Half the stuff you get won't be on the menu, or will be a magnificent variation on items that are. Servings are generous; plan on take-home boxes. 293-5021.
—Redneck.

Kappy's 2190 N. Wilmet

Real food with just a touch of yup infiltration (potato skins and deep fried mushrooms and zucchini). In between the action at the pool tables, you can wolf down large pastrami, roast beef, BBQ beef, ham, turkey or salami sandwiches on rolls or rye. Various 1/3 lb. burgers start at \$2.95. If you're into south-of-the-border, they have tacos, chimichangas, burros and quesadillas. In the historic register of Real Places. 296-9500.
—Redneck.

Cafe Ole 121 E. Broadway

Less a boho coffeehouse, now, under new owners, a cheerful cafe. They offer full table service and an outdoor patio filled with solid wood tables that won't blow away in the wind. The menu is mostly eggs, sandwiches and salads—almost intentionally non-trendy. They've also added a slew of pasta dishes. Desserts with titles like "Pink Flamingo," a white chocolate mousse and raspberry concoction. Beer, wine and gourmet coffees. 628-1841.
—Hungry Heart.

B&B Cafe Off the Lobby of Hotel Congress 311 E. Congress

European-style deli and sidewalk cafe. Buttery croissants and crisp, flaky French bread, bins of fresh lemons and oranges, shelves of imported beer and wine. Breakfast might be a scone with just-whipped cream or steamed eggs and fruit. Lunches are salads, soups and open-faced sandwiches with fine deli ingredients, e.g., roast beef, salami, provolone and smoked salami. But it's their attention to detail that makes

the difference here: shiny copper pots bubbling with homemade soups, a copy of *The New York Times* spread across a red-and-white tablecloth and the *pièce de résistance*, the antique refrigerator filled with desserts. 622-8848.
—Hungry Heart.

Gus and Andy's 2000 North Oracle Road

This place is thankfully oblivious of trends. Meat is what this place is all about. Steak. Prime rib. Baked potatoes. French fries. Beans. Real

food, real high-energy meat. real portions actually prepared the way you ask for them. In Tucson since 1950; at this location since 1959. May they be with us into the next century when whatever is being consumed in the fern bar down the street is long forgotten. 624-2801.
—Redneck.

The Kardomah Cafe 2303 E. Helen St.

In its various incarnations, this house has never strayed from the bistro atmosphere of the coffeehouse. Which is

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wonderful. Recently opened as Kardomah, the new owners have made a few changes. They're serving primarily desserts and a variety of coffees which you can enjoy at tables or while lounging on the comfy couch and wing-back chairs. A rack of hip magazines (Ever hear of *Details*?) and '40s and '50s kitsch hanging on the walls. These owners got smart—they charge 21 cents for coffee refills. But what does the name mean? Open only evenings. 628-1757.

—Nearly Native.

Michi's Express
806 E. University
Tucson's emperor and empress of Sushi, Eugene and Michi Sanchez, have brought the uncooked fish to Midtown. All the expected sacraments await the faithful: maguro, hamachi, hirame, saba, tako, ebi, awabi. Tempura treatments of shrimp, zucchini, sweet potatoes, all crisp and greaseless. Reasonable prices, good service and the ingredients to send the sushi cultist into euphoria. 884-9090.

—Hog.

The Golden Dragon
6433 N. Oracle
This place has a gorgeous menu, a dramatic cut above the standard family-owned, shopping-center Chinese restaurant. Large, red, with a gold tassel, its contents are printed on fine paper, a dense list of exotically named entrees. But I loved Golden Dragon even before they got their gorgeous menu. Why? Delicious food, pleasing and clean atmosphere, impeccably polite and friendly service. Enough said. Great lunch specials! No low-brow buffets here; instead, reasonably priced selection of fourteen entrees and you can substitute real hot-and-sour soup for the egg flower stuff. If you have a yen for Oriental cuisine, this is a must. 297-1862.

—Triplane.

The Swedish Boathouse
7889 E. 22nd St.
This landlubbing riverboat always looked a little strange, perched there on the left bank of the Pantano Wash. Now, with a new owner, theme and ethnic menu, it is stranger still: There are lakeside tables *inside* The Swedish Boathouse, and a lake with boats

and a battery-operated frogman to play with. But you don't need distractions from the food. The Swedes really know how to broil shrimp to perfection—a rare talent in this desert. The crab salad was excellent, too, as were the marinated mushrooms, fresh fruit salad, deviled and pickled eggs and a generous variety of other salads. At the hot smorgasbord table we found baked ham, meatballs, beef stew, parsleyed whole small potatoes and a tempting array of breads and cheeses. Lunch, dinner. 298-0028.

—Limey.

Taco Azteca
1911 E. Grant
If Los Mayas is the high end of the invasion of the *nouvelle cuisine mexicaine*, Taco Azteca comes in at the other extreme—and very nicely, thank you. The menu is limited but the fare inexpensive and downright *sabroso*. They boast health-conscious preparation, with charbroiling and no deep-fat frying. Quesadillas, soft tacos, carne asada, birria and menudo are all specialties. It's small and dazzlingly bright, white and clean. An affordable stop, and we recommend. 327-4774.

—Pro Natura.

Blue Sahuaro Steakhouse
3412 N. Dodge
Before sprouts, there was the Blue Saguaro, where a rare steak is still walking and they won't take responsibility for anything ordered well-done. The food is honest, the beef is U.S.D.A. choice, the atmosphere hometown, and the waitress won't ask you your sign. Dinner only. Closed Mon. 326-8874.

—Cholesterol Kid.

Bob Dobbs Bar and Grill
2501 E. 6th St.
This place is not just a bar for rugby and lacrosse players. If you're in the mood for burgers with actual spices in the meat, this is the place—they serve among the best in town. The onion rings will grease your stomach for days, but it's worth raising your cholesterol count. Lunch, dinner. 325-3767.—Country.

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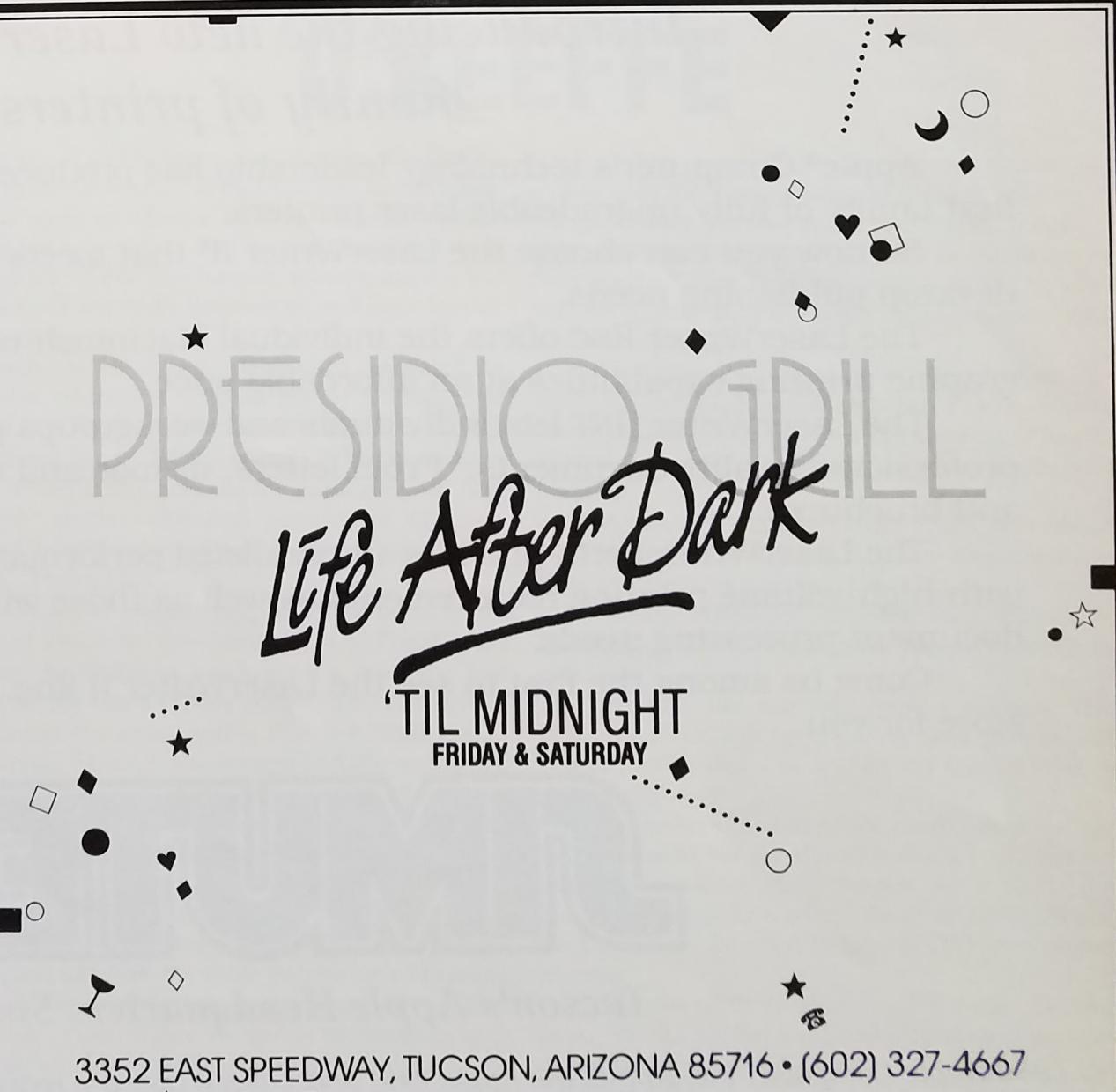
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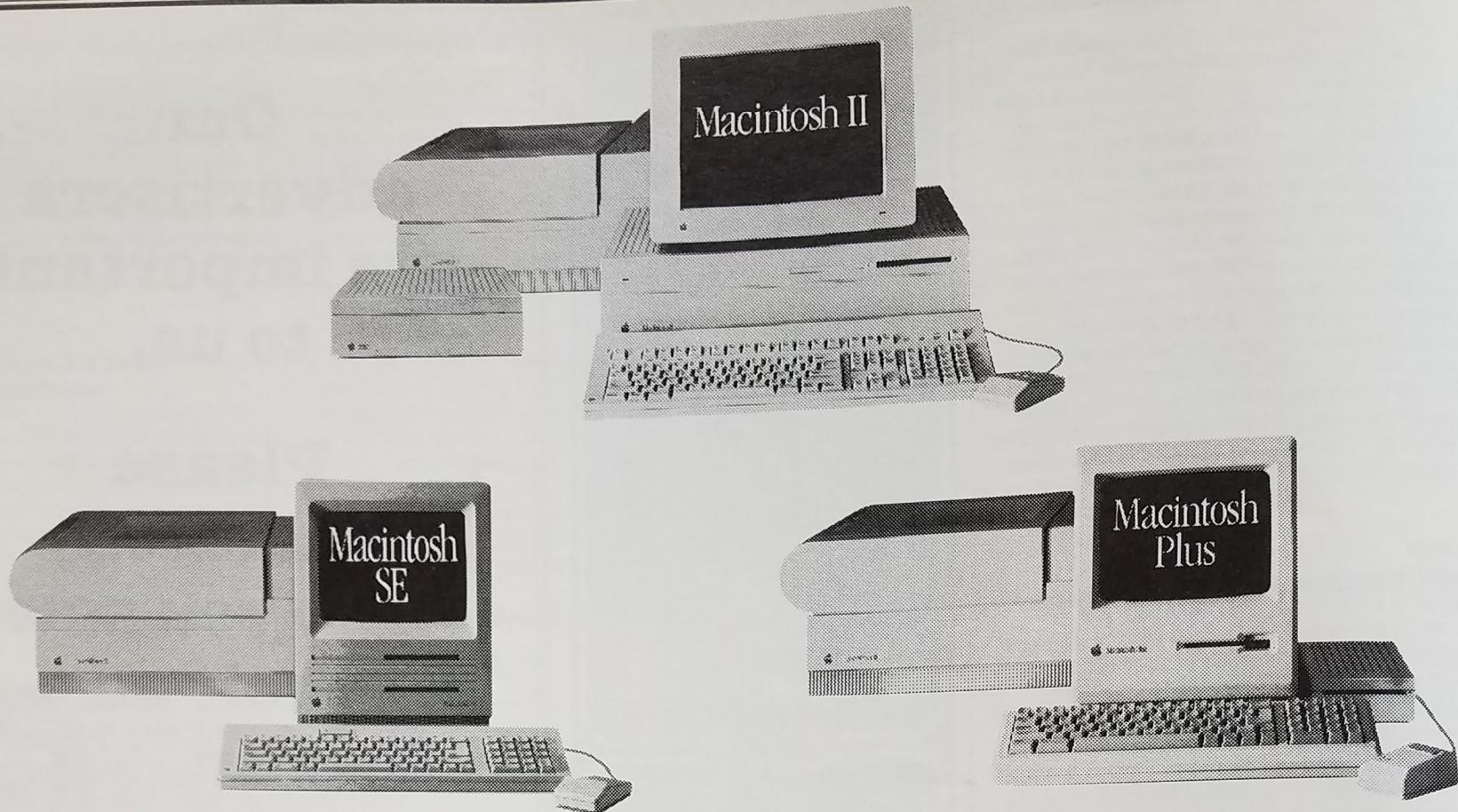
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DESERT NOTES

On their wedding day fifty-two years ago, Arthur and Phoebe Pack received a gift from Georgia O'Keeffe that became a quiet Tucson landmark.

We still drive by it all the time, on faded Miracle Mile, unaware of its lore.

Pack, an early conservationist who published *Nature Magazine*, was building a house on a ranch in Abiquiu, New Mexico, when the artist roared into his life a few years before. Frustrated with Taos, she had asked around about this Ghost Ranch, and was variously warned that the place was haunted, impossible to find or occupied by a bunch of old cowboys—stories that egged her on, of course.

"The next day she set out in her black roadster to search for the ranch," writes her biographer, Laurie Lisle, in *Portrait of an Artist: A Biography of Georgia O'Keeffe* (Washington Square Press, 1986). She would say afterwards that she knew immediately it was where she would live.

Pack, needless to say, had little voice in the matter. As Phoebe muses today, "People didn't invite Georgia. She said, 'I want,'" and that was that—even though she was disgusted to learn that Pack would be operating a fancy dude ranch around her magnificent natural studio. Nonetheless, she and Arthur, who were about the same age, eventually developed a mutual, if chary, respect. And when Pack's first wife ran off with another man, O'Keeffe "tried to be a friend, even bringing me one day as a gift a perfect drawing of a cow's skull which I then and there adopted as the insignia and trade mark of the Ghost Ranch," Pack recalled in his 1966 memoir, *We Called It Ghost Ranch*.

When Arthur healed his wound by marrying Phoebe Finley in June of 1936, O'Keeffe went on to present them with the black-and-white skull design "to use for the rest of our lives, with no limits," Phoebe recently told *City Magazine* in a telephone interview. It was taken from a painting that later hung in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Phoebe says, although she can't recall the title.

The couple brought the gift with them to Tucson, where they moved in the '40s because it offered more convenient education for their children than northern New Mexico, and because it was their first choice for another Ghost Ranch. As Pack would write, "Tucson was beginning to swarm with Air Force officers, flying cadets and their very young brides. All were looking for less expensive accommodations than were being generally offered."

Thus was the Ghost Ranch Lodge born, displaying the original O'Keeffe skull on its stationery, gear and signs, where it remains.

Phoebe Pack, who still lives in Tucson at the



Photo by Hal Gould

TUCSON'S NEON O'KEEFFE

proud age of eighty-one, agrees that few Tucsonans seem to know the story of the skull logo on the lodge and its signs on Miracle Mile. A charm of Arthur Pack's book, in fact, is that it rarely mentions their famous friend and ranch-guest, relating instead the rich lives of the Packs themselves, and their love of the Southwest.

Such matter-of-fact coexistence appealed to O'Keeffe, who often snubbed people who were in awe of her. Phoebe remembers the first time Arthur introduced her to "Miss O'Keeffe." The ingenuous bride-to-be brashly held out her hand and said "Hi, Georgia" to the celebrated personality. O'Keeffe seemed briefly taken aback, then smiled and retorted, "Hello, Phoebe."

Later on, O'Keeffe dropped by the main house at Ghost Ranch in New Mexico just as Phoebe was putting the finishing touches on a cake she had baked for the ranch's thirty guests. "Oh wonderful," announced the artist, noting that her "little maid" was having a birthday that night and she would just take that cake. "I said 'no you won't,'" Phoebe recalls. "She didn't speak to me for a month. No one treated her that way. But I didn't know better; as far as I was concerned, I was her equal."

Arthur Pack went on to co-found the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum; to run only the second hotel in Tucson to break the color barrier by welcoming black guests; and to try, as president of the local Chamber of Commerce, to "guide the boom in such ways as would do the least possible damage to the kind of place we had sought and hoped to main-

tain." (When he died about nine years ago, his widow sold the Tucson lodge to Richard Bristol.)

As Tucson became home, the Packs' one nagging problem was what to do with Ghost Ranch in New Mexico? They finally decided it should be a haven for young people's spiritual conferences and teacher training.

"We were meeting in our living room on the ranch for the final formalities when a car suddenly drove up and skidded to a stop. Georgia O'Keeffe burst into our little gathering," Pack remembers in his book.

"'Arthur,' she cried, 'What's this I hear about your giving the ranch away? If you were going to do that, why didn't you give it to me?'

"Georgia, these are officials of the Presbyterian Church U.S.A., who are going to put this property to good use.'

"'Hmph!' she snorted. 'Now I suppose this beautiful place will be crawling with people and completely spoiled. I never had any use for Presbyterians anyhow!'

But she kept the old adobe ranch house Arthur Pack had sold her for almost nothing years before, and lived at Ghost Ranch the rest of her life. In the last years before O'Keeffe's death in 1986, Phoebe Pack was one of the few to have her personal phone number.

"She was really good to me all my life," Phoebe says. "We'd spat, but we'd make up. And as you get older, you need friends."

—Norma Coile

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NOTES

DIG THIS!

Your chance to be Indiana Jones

I'd only been digging for about half an hour when I heard the voice.

"Excuse me."

I stood up out of the trench.

"What?" I squinted into the sun and saw a woman holding a note pad and a pen. She was dressed in business clothes.

"Excuse me," she repeated. "I'm working on a story about Elden Pueblo and I was wondering how long you've been an archaeologist."

I looked down at my baggy white shirt, jeans and basketball shoes, and thought of the photos in my old archaeology books back home. I raised my trowel and whisk broom, one in each hand, and shrugged.

"Actually, I'm not an archaeologist," I revealed, pulling at the bandana that covered my nose and mouth. "I'm only here for a day. As a volunteer."

At Elden Pueblo, a few miles north of Flagstaff, public archaeology, what I'm doing, is the only kind that goes on. That means that there is no funding, federal or otherwise, for the excavation of the 900-year-old Sinaguan Indian ruin. Everything is being done by volunteers, students and schoolchildren, all directed by Peter Pilles, the archaeologist for Coconino National Forest.

When you go to Elden, Peter will give you a tour of the place, and as you walk with him around the eighty to eighty-five rooms that have been uncovered, he will share some of his theories and frustrations with you.

"The guy that first dug here was Dr. Jesse Fewkes," Peter says. And he wishes that Fewkes had never found Elden. In 1926 Fewkes excavated the Pueblo in a rush, destroying many of the clues that today's archaeologist needs to answer questions.

The volunteers come from archaeology clubs in Arizona and New Mexico, and co-operative public teaching programs at Northern Arizona University and the Museum of Northern Arizona, and occasionally include someone like me, a Tucson advertising guy, who reads about Elden in a magazine. They even have groups of junior high school kids visit Elden, teaching them about archaeology and Sinaguan and Hopi culture, and teaching them how to dig.

This weekend last summer I expected to be put to work carrying rocks or pushing a wheelbarrow. Instead I'm carefully scraping at the floor of a five-foot-deep trench, looking for pot shards and pieces of bone.

It's so absorbing that you hardly notice the dust and the 100-degree temperatures. Hardly.

Neal gave me a half-hour lesson in digging. So I'm scraping and sweeping, finding beautiful pieces of pottery—black on white, white on red—pottery that no one has seen for 900 years. Neal, working in front of me on the other side of a partially excavated wall, shouts and holds up an axe head he has just uncovered. The cutting edge is broken off. "They must have thrown it away after it broke," he says, handing it to me.

I turn the smooth stone over in my hands. "Thrown it away?" I ask.

"Yeah," says Neal, taking the axe back from me. "This area basically became a trash dump, after the roofs of these rooms collapsed."

It's hard to believe that it can get so hot in the forest. The pine trees were long ago cleared back around the center section of Elden and by mid-afternoon it's well over 100 degrees at the bottom of our trench. In six hours I've lowered the floor about six inches in my section of the trench and filled two small paper bags with artifacts. I lift one more bucket of dirt up out of the trench and wipe the sweat out of my eyes with a dirty forearm. It's time to quit. After all, I am a volunteer, right?

Neal and I walk back down toward the parking area, through the low walls of the Pueblo's rooms. My knees are killing me, legs shaking with each step down the hill. At the west end of the Pueblo, we pass Peter, standing in one of the rooms, hands on hips, looking through his wire-rim glasses at a corner of a wall he has just uncovered.

"Look at this," he urges. "I always thought that this room was part of that section." He points toward the south section of ruined walls. "But from the way these walls abut this has to be a new section coming from over there." He points east, back into the center of the Pueblo, at a huge mound of weed-covered dirt. "We'll have to go in there next."

"That section's never been excavated, right?" Neal asks.

"Never. Not even by Fewkes," Peter says.

I lean back, stretch my aching back muscles, then stare at the place where the wall Peter has been working on disappears into the mound of earth. Never been excavated.

"When do you think you'll start there?" I ask. "I'd really like to help."

—Rick Kaneen

SLUMMING IT

The mild-looking man in summery clothes was asked about his costume. He smiled and pointed to the butt of a pistol jammed in his belt.

"Bernard Goetz?"

"I figured if I didn't have a gun, I'd be the only one here without one," he smiled.

Which gives you an idea about how folks in the Baked Apple view life in the Big Apple. The Centurian's recent annual bash challenged guests to dress like New Yorkers this year: What showed up were bag ladies, hookers, taxicabs, trash cans, pimps, gangsters, chorus girls and cops. Well, there were assorted King Kongs, Godzillas, Globetrotters, Mets and Yankees and Dodgers. Dodgers?

Featured event: rat races.

Low opinions aside, the event drew an estimated 4,000 party-goers to the Williams Centre and raised about \$100,000 for the hospice and other projects at St. Mary's Hospital.

—Richard Vonier

OUT, OUT DAMN SPOT

Rep. Brenda Burns, Republican from Glendale, shook hands with Tucsonan Chuck Mayer before she knew who he was. Then she heard him introduce himself: he was with People With AIDS Coalition of Tucson. (That's "people living with AIDS," as the coalition's telephone message underscores.)

Burns has been the Arizona legislator most obsessed with AIDS legislation, advocating mandatory marriage-license testing and drug-arrest testing, among other things. Mayer was there to tell her that he and others fear such approaches, in a state where all AIDS test results are reported to state bureaucrats, will only push people at risk of AIDS further underground. She said she didn't get it, that she's frustrated with people who claim they want to fight AIDS and then put up stumbling blocks.

After she walked away from Mayer to talk with someone else, he could see that she was "nervously taking her hand [that he had shaken] and rubbing it on her shirt," he reports. "I really felt sorry for her at the time, because I could tell it was really subconscious—rubbing and rubbing her hand on her blouse."

—Norma Coile

KEEPING UP WITH PROFESSOR JONES

The UA Special Collections Library houses such treasures as fourteen boxes of Charles Bukowski papers, original letters penned by Padre Kino and an extensive collection of sci-fi.

So what's the most requested reference material?

The university's 1987-88 operating budget, a dry computer printout in three volumes, is perused more often than anything else.

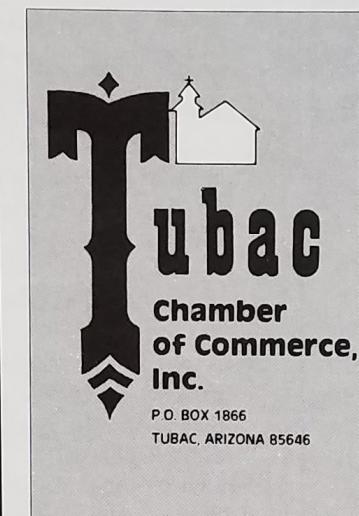
"It's our best seller, an overwhelming favorite," collections librarian David Robrock unabashedly admits. "People are interested in what their neighbor is making. Or else they're gathering fuel for an affirmative action lawsuit."

—Janet Mitchell

Our Town

Jane Walmsley's *Brit-Think, Ameri-Think* ("an irreverent guide to understanding the great cultural ocean that divides" Yanks and Brits) offers the English tourist this list of America's "five main regions":

1. **The East.**
2. **The West...** "Greater Los Angeles, San Francisco, Marin County, Palm Springs, Scottsdale, and La Jolla."
3. **The South.**
4. **Texas.**
5. **The Midwest...** "Maine is spiritually in the Midwest. So is Kansas. So is Tucson. Chicago is the high spot, but because it is in the Midwest, few people yearn to live there."



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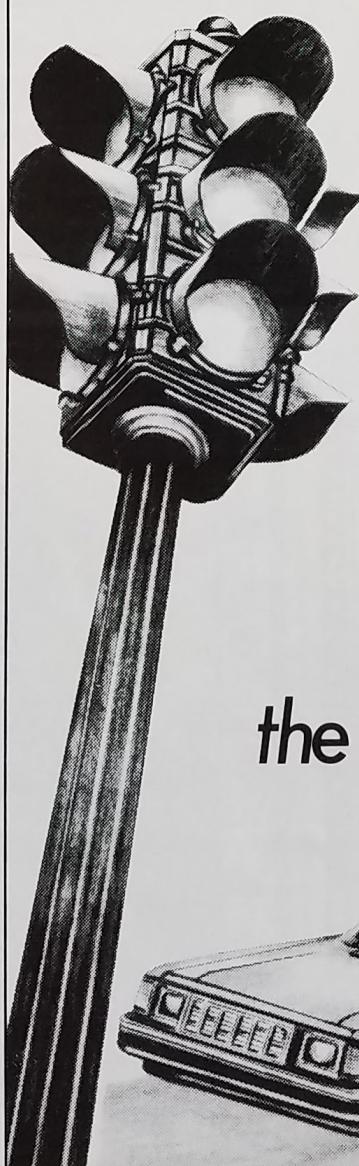
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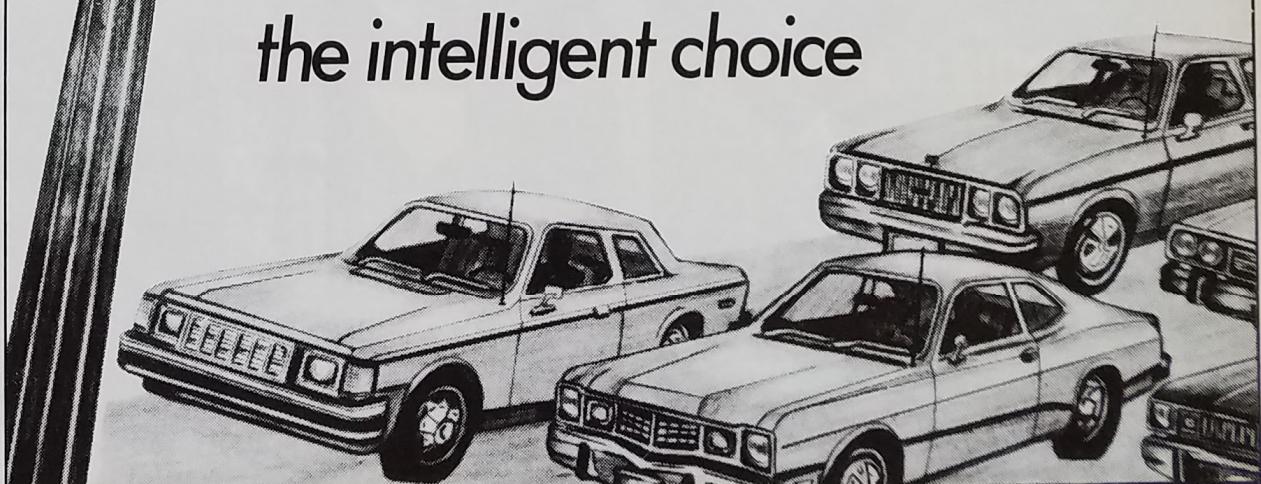
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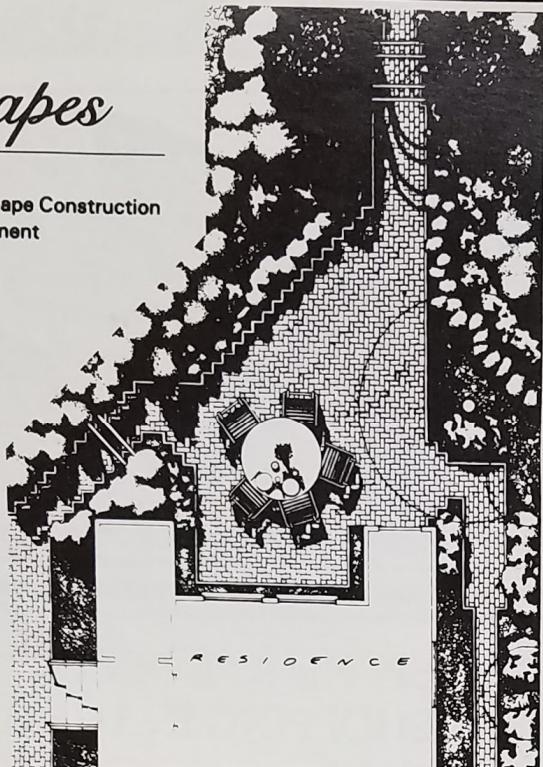


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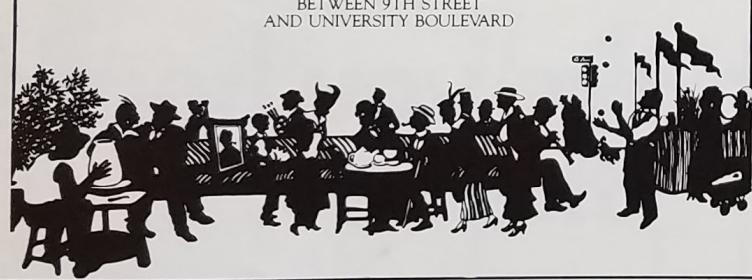
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JUMPING KASTLE

NOTES

THE INDEX

Iggy's view of the underbelly of life

- Portion of the defense budget it would take to lift every American family over the poverty line for one year: 1/9
- Portion of America's 575,607 bridges that are structurally deficient, obsolete, or closed: 2/5
- Percentage of American ammunition storage sites in Europe that lack a working alarm system: 78
- Estimated number of mules the Administration has shipped to Afghan rebels since last September: 700.
- Percentage of all those killed or injured in terrorist bombings worldwide last year who were Pakistani: 45
- Number of the 26 journalist murdered last year who were killed in the Philippines: 11
- Acres of wilderness Bolivia will preserve in exchange for a \$650,000 reduction in its foreign debt: 3,000,000
- Chances that a pharmaceutical is derived from a plant: 1 in 4

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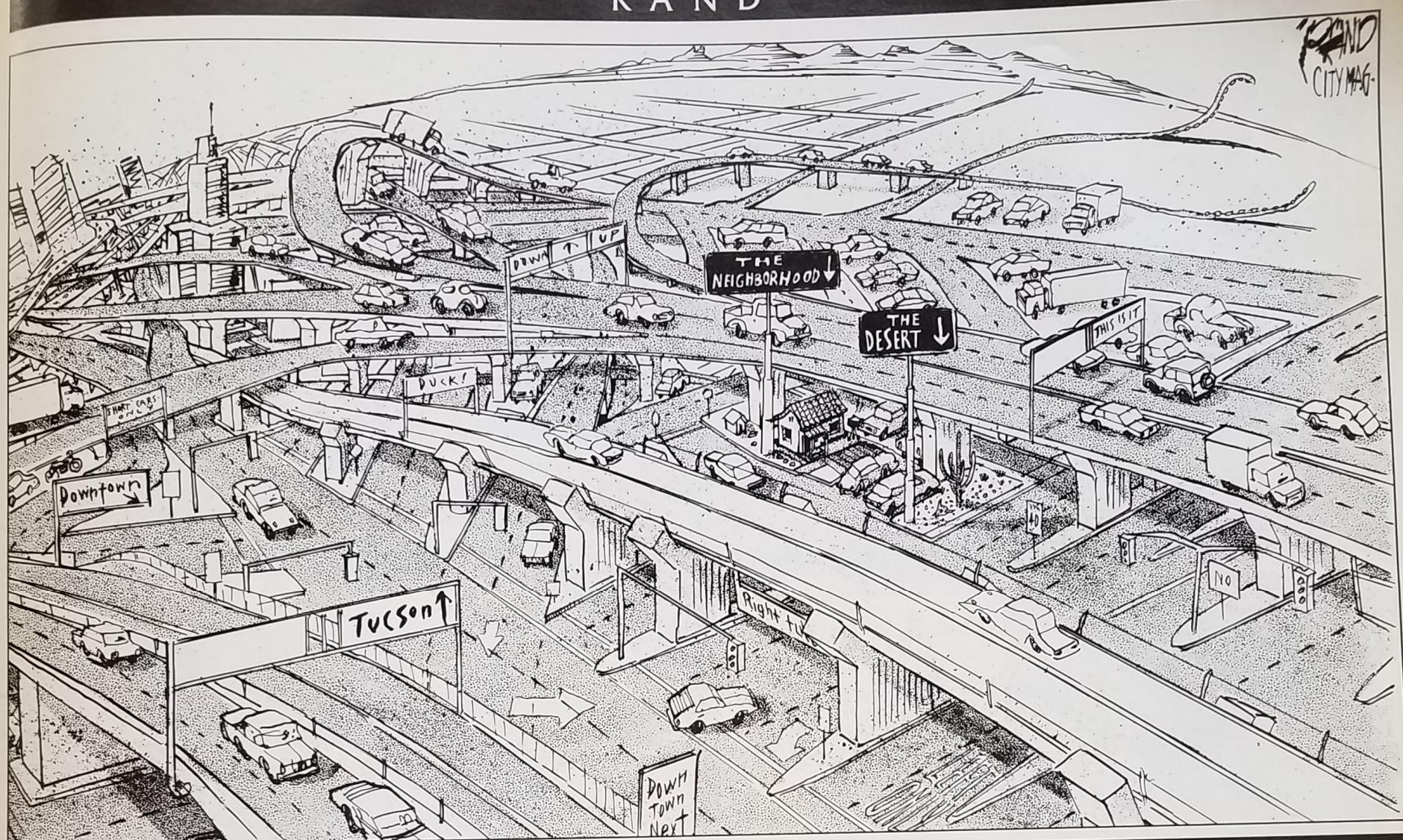
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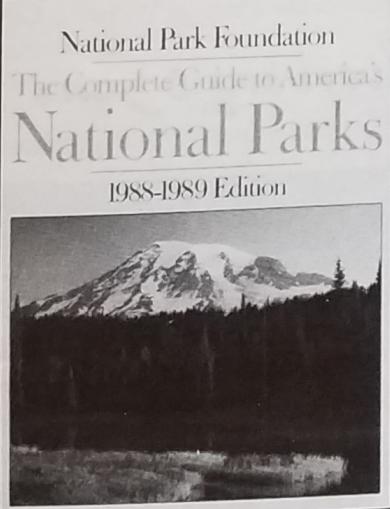
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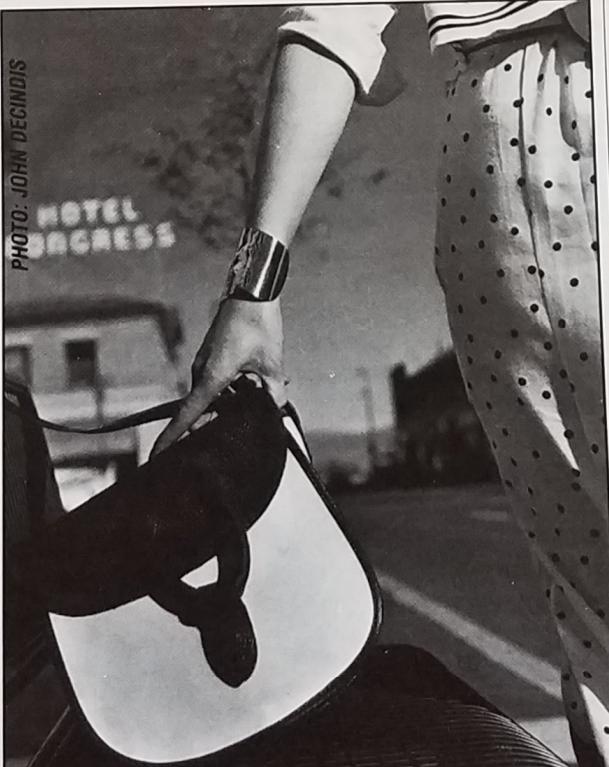


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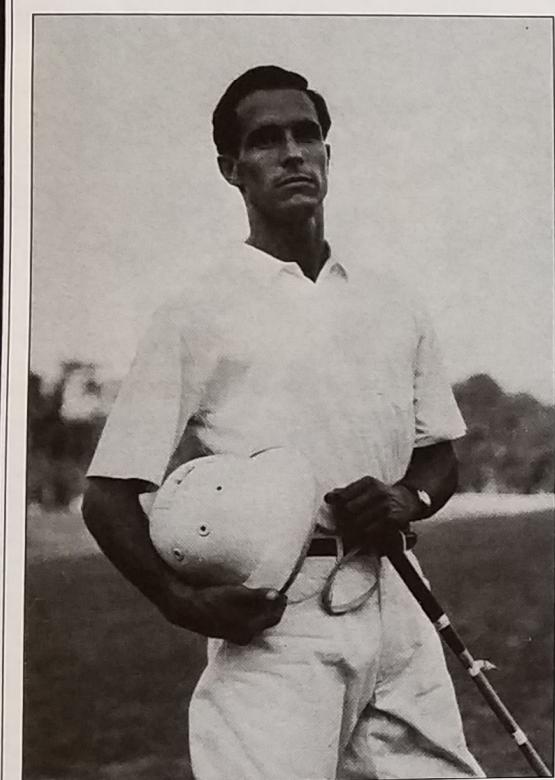
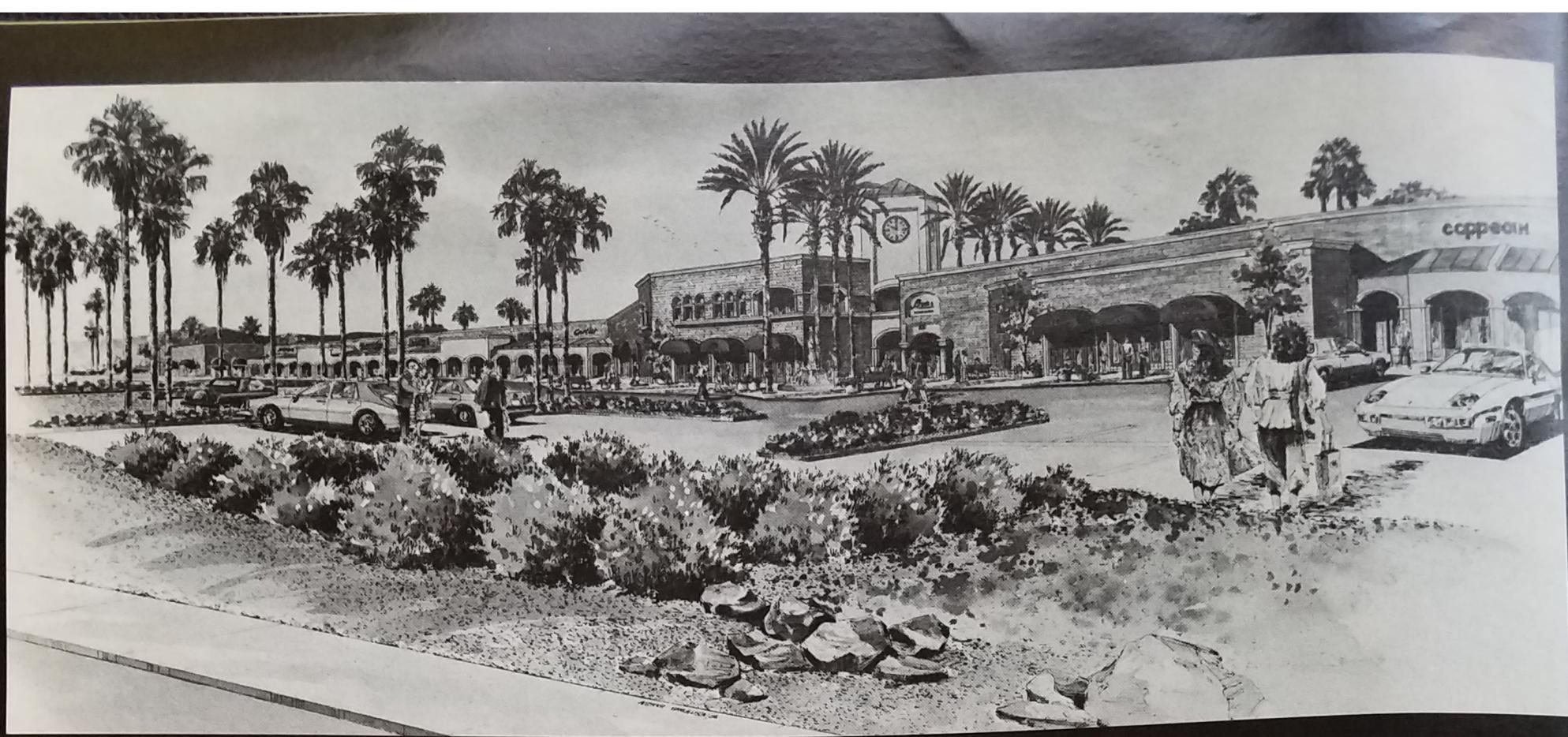
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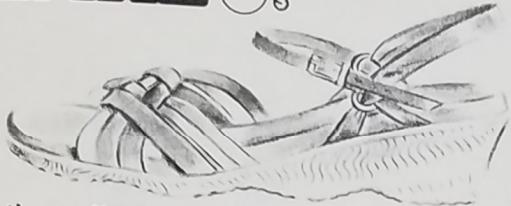
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Recipe for a RADICAL

By Teresa Leal
Photography by Jack W. Dykinga

Teresa Leal's mother was the cook in the home of Ambassador to Great Britain Lewis Douglas and Teresa was raised in upstate New York, Tucson and Patagonia. She learned Spanish as her second language. She has studied in Paris and holds bachelor's and master's degrees in anthropology from the University of Guatemala. When she was seventeen, she married and repatriated to Mexico. Years after her return to Mexico, Lewis Douglas spoke with her about the slaughter of the students in 1968 at Mexico City's Plaza of the Three Cultures. "I had hoped," he said, "that your generation could administer an ideology. But now you'll have to recreate one. I pray you'll be strong."

Currently she is running for Mayor of Nogales, Sonora, as the candidate of an opposition front. At age thirty-nine, she is divorced, and raises her eight children (their ages ranging from seven to twenty-one) without any assistance. For years she led fights against the drug traffic, for better pay for twin plant workers (who make about three bucks a day), and against government corruption. Six years ago, she faced a crossroads. She thought she was going to die and decided she wanted to kill.

—The Editor

My mother brings this young man, whom I've never known and never seen, and she says, "I've got this young man, he's very Catholic, he's very Right, and he's a very good son, and I want you to marry him." So when I met him, I already knew what I was going to do. And I did it. I

did it with the feeling that I will marry him and will be "free" and at the same time I'll be pleasing my mother and she'll be through with this feeling that I'm being brought up in an American society where women are very loose and have no scruples. Two weeks after I got married, I approached my mother and I began by saying, "Well, you know he's not all that I expected." Then she stopped me short and she said, "Listen, if you have any complaints, anything, I don't want to hear it. You married him, you gave your word to God and to me, and you'll keep it. And if you don't, you don't have a mother, and, of course, you don't have a God." I just clammed up and for sixteen years I never complained to anybody. The only solace I could find were my children and my books and my ideas and my work with the poor.

Nine months and fifteen days after I married I had my first baby. So a month or two after I first married I began having morning sickness. And the bastard, the beast, would bar me from vomiting because it made him queasy. He would get me before I got to the bathroom and he would say, "Don't do it, swallow it."

Personally, I was having babies every year (eight in all) and coping as best I could with a beast—for fourteen years. My excuse for putting up with it was that I had given my word to both man and God (and worst of all, to my mom) and I was going to keep it if it killed me. It almost did. The only problem is that after I broke up the marriage he moved in next door. The hassle of an ex-husband waging war from a permanent and short distance wasn't easy.



My husband would come and break windows and the whole neighborhood would be witness to it. Finally, around three o'clock in the morning, this was the last time I called the police, the captain said, "Listen, if you call me one more time, I'm going to put you in jail." I said, why? He said, you're just wasting my time, I have other things to do. I said, "Well, the guy's got a butcher knife, can't you see that?" And he said, "Yes. Listen, if he comes into your house you kill him. You have a right to defend your house. Knock him over with a chair. Whatever. And you're protecting your children."

So I went back home and the guy was still yelling away. Then he started breaking the windows. I have a crossbow. I could see his knife. I started getting it together. I'm going to put a dart through his foot or something. There are darts with a rubber end to stun, darts to inject tranquilizers. I reached for a thin dart because I was going to put one through his foot, and then I thought, I'm just going to make him into a victim. I grabbed a long, very pointed thick dart and I said I'm going to kill him. This had been going on for such a long time and nobody did anything. I'd been asking for help for such a long time and—my mother she comes to visit me in Nogales and she says I was such a nice little girl, she doesn't know what happened to me. I don't go explaining to anybody. He explains it. Everybody says he's such a nice person. He goes to church every day, to Mass every Sunday, he goes to confession. I grabbed a big one and I was going to kill him. I'm a very good shot. The minute I put on the dart, he fell through the window he was so drunk. I felt so desperate and the guy is laying face down and I try to wake him up and he is out cold. I didn't know why I wanted him to be awake when I killed him, except maybe a sense of honor. I just couldn't bring myself to shoot him right there. I put the crossbow on the table.

Early the next morning I gave it to a lawyer friend and told him not to let me have it. I went to the police again and the man I had talked to on the phone said, "You should have killed the bastard."

I have the potential for a very short life. Seven years ago when I had Roberto, my last baby, I fell on the floor and my skull was cracked. From that I got a tumor and it began to grow. At first I thought the headaches were just out of the disgust that I had. I had blackouts. I was walking down the street one day with Roberto, who was a year old, and three or four of the other

children. I blacked out in the street and I could have been killed and they pulled me to the side of the street. I went to the doctors. The doctor said what you have is an aneurism. It's not cancerous. An operation would probably leave me handicapped. Or I could die right there. I decided I would just live it out, whatever it was. He told me that I could live maybe a year or two, at most. But if it stopped enlarging, I could live to a ripe old age. I didn't have anybody to run to. I was dealing with a divorce, with earning enough money—with chopping wood because I didn't have electricity or gas, even hunting because I didn't have enough money to buy food. I decided that, okay, I think I'm going to die. Which means that I haven't much time. I re-

ment is corrupt and gone to pot, literally.

Then comes this total overwhelming sensation that the good weren't the good, that justice just wasn't done to those that I had cared about. There was a lawyer, a writer, there was the attorney general, and there was me. We all were concerned with this one thing, the drug traffic, and had this tight-knit circle. Then, the attorney general was himself framed and brought down in shackles. Everybody freaked out. The lawyer armed himself to the hilt and headed for the United States. The writer, he just barricaded himself and waited for them to come and pick him up and kill him. And then it was me and what was I to do? I was having these tremendous problems at home. I

great big guy and blow yourself up with him. I said, "I don't know how to go about that." And he said, "Well, I have some friends who could teach you."

He invited me to a school—one was being set up in northern Mexico, he said. First, you have to be recommended, he said, but that's easy because I can recommend you. Then you have to be willing psychologically to do this—you have to be screened.

He gave me a contact and then the man on the phone said come to this city, and he gave me a phone number. The man said, "You have been recommended for our institution. We would like to see if we have the curriculum necessary for you to come." So I arrived from a bus station and I called and they said go to such and such a place and then just wait there.

I wasn't prepared for it. It was on the beach and I sat there for quite a while. A very sedate looking person comes over, very scholarly, longish hair, a very non-aggressive looking person. He said, "Teresa?" and we sat on a rock and talked. He asked about my eight children, he couldn't believe I had that many, and he said, how could you dare get a divorce? It's so hard, he said, to feed just his two kids. I was asked repeatedly why I had got my divorce and I told him the whole story. But he just kept asking why? What were the faults, he kept asking, that my husband saw in me? He kept alluding to the fact that

I was a coward, that the reason I had stayed with my marriage such a long time was that I was afraid to drop it. That the reason I had even accepted this was that I did not want to say no to my mother. That my whole life was one cowardly situation after another. I was afraid to face the end as it would come naturally.

I was bombarded with all kinds of questions: What if you're just a CIA agent trying to penetrate? How many men do you sleep with? Do you prostitute yourself? Things like what tastes do you have in sexual play? I began to falter because the questions became so personal and I would sometimes shoot back a lie. I didn't want to come out like a prude. But, of course, he noticed. Finally, I would say, I don't think that's any of your business. He would say, "What's wrong with you? You've got to be totally honest, that's what the revolution is all about." He said you're playing games just to get through the screening. He kept asking me if I thought the training was going to make me a hero?

He said, "Why don't you just shoot yourself?" I said that there were a bunch of creeps around here who



corded some messages for my children. I talked about when they would have their first relationship, when they would face their first opportunity to give a bribe, when they would be shunned by others. I asked to be cremated. I went to see a priest because my mother and children are Catholic. He said cremation was not possible. I went to see coffins, I laid in some coffins—they are very uncomfortable. I told the people at the funeral home it was for an aunt of mine. I put my organs up for donation. That way my children wouldn't have to spend on a funeral.

Then I said, "What is the best way of dying with dignity? What am I going to do?"

What really pushed me to think that I would not go by myself when I died was that I had been working with a lot of investigations on narcotic dealers. One of the big things that is marring Mexico is the narcotics, the corruption. What do you say to people about what is happening in Mexico? All these Americans who don't go to my country, they say—you're a bunch of marijuana growers and there is a lot of corruption in your country, your govern-

ment is totally disenchanted with society. I still had an inclination toward change through politics. I couldn't sneak off to the United States, I couldn't do what the writer was doing. That's when I figured I'll do it: I'll take a couple of very bad politicians with me.

I think maybe it's in the genes. My family came from a social activism that has been going on for many years, for many generations. The reason my mother couldn't take it was that my father and his family helped form, in the '30s and '40s, a party called *Partido Popular Socialista*, which is a popular socialist party dedicated to bringing back the origins of the Revolution—agrarian reform and a bettering of the impoverished masses. Then it evolved into a really social element to create change. My mother never liked that—that they used arms to get their politics through.

A friend of mine visited, and he was from the underground, a left-wing courier. He told me about this way of dying, about how you could go out in a big way, you could go and place yourself next to somebody who really is the root of all this evil, get next to this

weren't worth remaining on this planet, creeps who just make hell for people. He said, "That's your anger: they're going to keep on living and you are going to die." I said, "No." He said, "What if after you go through this program and you have an assignment, you discover that you're operable? Are you going to drop everything and maybe denounce us? And you go your own way and you are safe and you live on for years and years. What then?" I said, "I find it highly improbable that that will happen." And he said, "Well, it's very possible with modern medicine. How about us? You'd just drop us and forget all about us?" I said, "No, I think you have a place in life, a place in this struggle. I don't think that you're going about it right. That's one of the reasons why I don't beat my kids. I've never laid a hand on them. When we've lost our reason, then we are admitting we have lost it all. And that's your role, when we've lost it all. That's when you will come in. But not yet. Except for me, because I've lost it all." I was questioned on the beach for four hours.

That night we met again and he fingerprinted me. He wanted medical proof that I was really going to die. I had an X-ray of my head. After that, he eased off. Then he started in again. I was very angry. He had torn down all of my explanations. That night he questioned me for three more hours. I figured the guy was just out to unmask me. And the truth is, he was right. So I just left and went to the bus station and went back home. I thought for sure that I had failed this job interview. About a month later, the same voice called me and said, "All right, do the same thing again, and we'll be expecting you." I said, "What do I take?" And he said, "Some overnight things, take some paper that will identify you." And I did.

When I got there, I checked into a hotel and then I called and they asked what room I was in and who I was with and who I had talked to and who I had told? What reason had I given for being away from home? Who had bought the bus ticket? Who did I talk to on the bus? Had I been approached at the inspection point twenty-one kilometers from Nogales? They told me not to talk to anyone or to call anybody. And if I did talk to anybody to remember what I had said, because I would be asked. They told me I would be monitored.

So I went to the same area as before, the beach, and was picked up. There were about fifteen people on this desolate beach. They were people who seemed like students or professors or professionals, all Latinos from various nations in this hemisphere—there was one who looked Oriental. People from many places and groups who would go back to their own countries after the program. Some were in little groups like they came together and knew each other, and some just stared off. The majority did not talk. Nobody had any bags—I was told to leave everything at

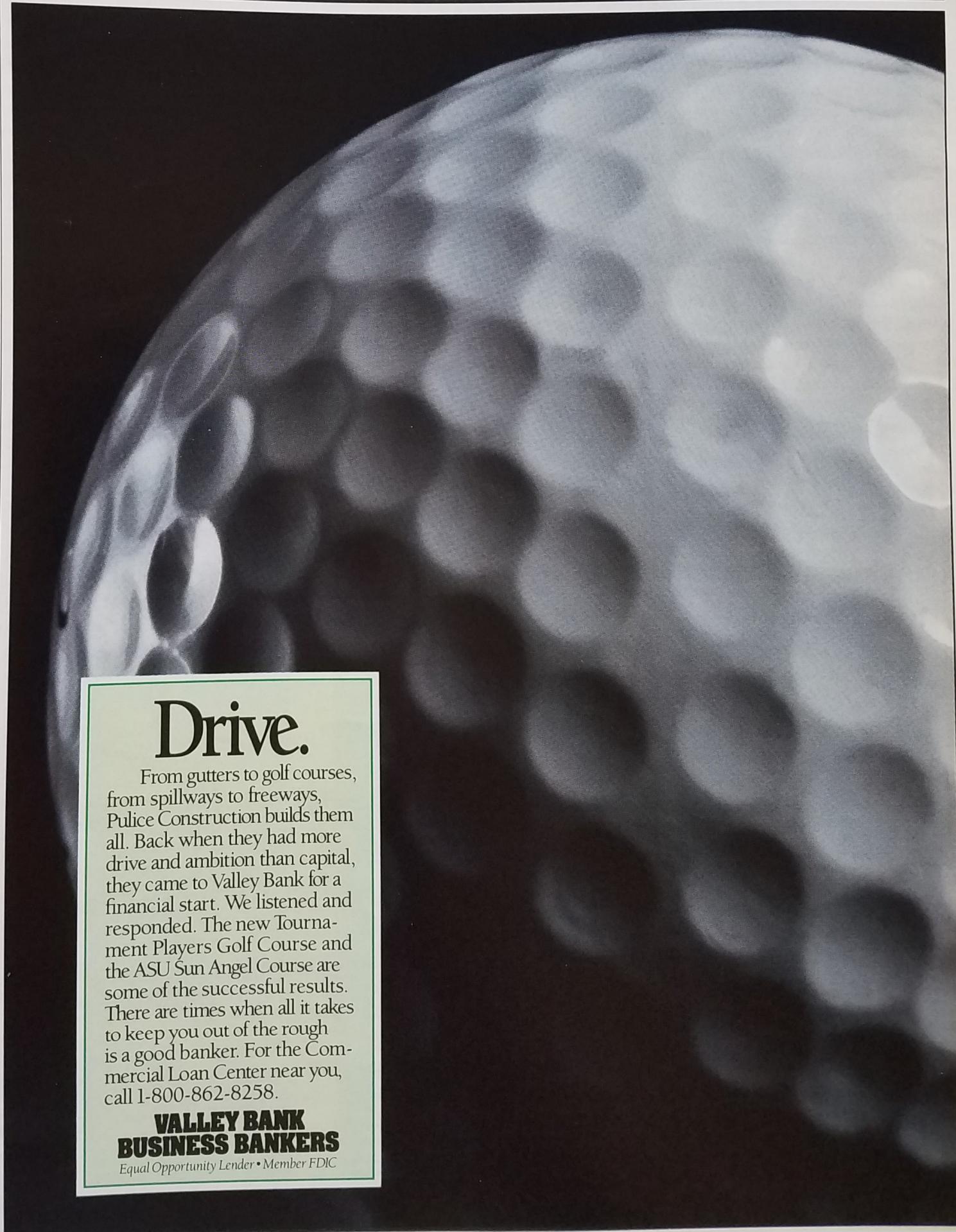
the hotel, and not to leave it at the desk and to bring my key with me. I pretended I was walking down the beach. Finally, a car came in and all these people flocked to the car. Then a truck came by and picked up people. Some had books or papers and pencils and they were piled up and burned. Everyone was frisked, everywhere. Our shoes were taken off. They told us to unhook our bras and to shake them. And they said, "No padding, no padding," because padding is made out of paper and you can take notes with paper. They checked our body cavities. All jewelry and watches were taken away. The labels on our clothes were checked. One woman had Calvin Klein pants and she was asked where she

bought them and how much they cost. Then they wrote that down—I guess they were going to check. I had on some khaki pants and a T-shirt and some walking shoes. I was told to take off the walking shoes and the inside sole was taken out. No dark glasses were allowed. We just went off with nothing and we did not know how long we were going off.

I wasn't afraid. I knew by the body language that some of the people had done it before. We went down a ways and then back again and then down dirt roads and we finally ended up on another strip of beach way back. There were two trailers and none of the vehicles had license plates. It looked like an isolated tourist group. Then we were

split up in groups, blindfolded and taken to other places. I tried not to speak too much because I had learned they could spot my American accent and I thought that a bunch of people that leery about the CIA, well, it could be terrible. I've always had this thing about my accent—anybody who is a *Mexicano* can tell right away if your first language is not Spanish. I've always had trouble with that. When I first didn't speak very good Spanish, I was dubbed a "chicana" (chicanas are very looked down upon in my country) or a CIA agent. And by God, I didn't want to be a CIA agent, not in this camp anyway.

They all stared at me and would talk to each other. Two or three days



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later, I realized that I was the only one to be considered for a suicide mission. I finally realized that they thought I was very brave. One guy told me I was highly regarded because I was going to give it all.

We were told right away not to have sex. Not to drink when we were outside the camp. Not to make any phone calls. Not to talk to strangers. If the sign was ever given, we were told to act like tourists. We had bathing suits underneath our clothes, we had beach balls, snacks, beer on ice. There was a table with cards already laid out. There were fashion magazines laying out. We'd stay at hotels at night and go out to the camp during the day. There was this big camper with electronic equipment—they taught how to man a short wave radio, how to make a short wave radio. They had a big box of first-aid. They had a projector with a camera, they had arms, they had charts. We saw films on how to clean a pistol, how to make a gun, what chemicals are needed for making this or that, how to mix them. You were told to sit there and take it in, you were not to take any notes. The arms were given out inside the trailers and we did things repeatedly, practicing and practicing. When I started doing it, they really didn't care if I did it well. They kept looking at me. They decided that I didn't have to learn those things. I wasn't going to have the time according to my budget in life.

There was a lot of harassment. If

somebody didn't know how to do something, they were told that they were stupid, retarded. This woman started to cry and she was slapped. At first I asked questions, and I was told to shut up—no questions. I thought, this is very infantile. I thought, I don't have to take this. But then I thought, with these people, if I back off, they will all sneer. It was a very competitive thing. I was never watched as much because they didn't care if I really learned anything. There were about seven teachers and they were international. There were other students who didn't look like students. When we were taught how to handle a machine gun, they were already doing it. We'd been told we'd have observers who would be monitoring us. Why would anyone come to the school who already knew the material—just to get the credit? Terrorists are seeking diplomas and credentials? In fact that's why they become terrorists, because they lost their faith in credentials.

It was supposed to be for ten days. The first day we were given a series of hypothetical situations and how we would deal with them and each of us was asked. Our answers were taped and then they would go back and replay the answers and the whole group would then put in some criticism. The second day we were given the methodologies of different groups and their results. The third day was the arms and chemicals. We were told to study the

equations, the amounts, and the results.

The people around me were in a long formation of political activism. I was looking for an elementary way of dying. They weren't people who were newcomers. They were very human. The two lesbians had very strong rhetoric, using a lot of machismo and all of that, and they fought with each other. The couple, for example, fought over what couples fight over—the guy drank too much and the woman was frigid. I tried to ignore the rule about talking. I would come up to people and say, "My name is Teresa, what's yours?" and people would give me this stony look. So I listened to them talk, and some of them knew each other. Some people talked about their fear about what was going on in the world—the growth of fascism. We talked about the plight of the environment, the whales for example, because we were close to the sea. The irony of the whales killing themselves—you know that's never been explained. One of them thought that maybe that was a cosmic response to a genocide that was going on, that to let people see what was going on they would do it themselves.

There was a scattering of currents there. There came a time when their rhetoric couldn't be fit into a left wing appreciation of what was going on. Somebody mentioned the Gray Wolves in an exalted way and then somebody told me he belonged to the Gray

Wolves. The Gray Wolves are a group in Germany and Austria, a terrorist group, a right-wing group. They are like a sect, they kill. When I would go back to the hotel at night, I would realize some of the people admired people like Hitler. Che Guevara wasn't talked about at all—he was bland compared to the people talked about. Here I am thinking about saving the masses and making everybody happy and not giving up until everybody has a swimming pool and a limousine and all these things are going on around me. This was a terrorist camp open to all ideologies. People were there to kill and learn the art of killing. Here we are among wolves, and we are part of it.

One woman asked, "How can we know the ratio of people killed? How can we lessen the possibilities of killing innocent people?" One of the students said right away, "That has nothing to do with it." The others nodded their approval—they had heard the answer they wanted to hear.

Before we left every night we were taken into little groups and some of us, according to what they observed during the day, were taken aside and talked to directly. The somebody I talked to, I guess he was a German, but he spoke very good Spanish. He told me that I seemed a little confused. I said yes. I started to tell him what I felt and then he said, "Stop that. I don't want to hear that." I said maybe there is something wrong here or I'm wrong. He



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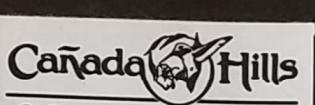
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said, "No, no, it's just that you don't fit into this. Tomorrow you're going to come and we start on your program. Right now, all this time, we've been preparing the basis for the different groups that are going to go off. You'll be the only one—I'm going to be your instructor."

And I said, "But if I don't feel comfortable about this...."

And he said, "You don't have to feel comfortable about this because you're only going to do this once. These people are militants, they've had commitments for a long time to the groups that had sent them, to the groups that need them."

That night I hardly got any sleep. I walked. What he was telling me was that I was more of a tool than the rest—a tool for a one-time thing. That night I went looking for my friend in the camp and we talked. He said, "You can't get out of it. They could even do away with you." We had been told that if we wanted to get out of it, we could be killed.

That night we talked all night, and he gave me the good excuses because he knew where I was coming from. He said he was as truthful as you can because they're going to come down hard on you. He said I can't get out of it but you may be able to because they know from the start that you're a square—that you're not really a hard-core professional.

And so I went on the following morning, the fourth day, and as nicely as I could I told the original guy who had contacted me. "I couldn't sleep at all last night," I said. "I'm very nervous. I don't think I'm ready for this project." He asked, "Are you sick?" I told him I just didn't think I could do it. I'm not ready for it.

He just stared at me, there was this long silence after I finished. I said, "Any questions?"

"I knew you were a damned coward," he said. "If you're going to die, why wait until you just erode?"

He asked me if I could take a course to psyche me up for self-destruction, would I be willing to do that? I said no. He told me to go join the others for a while and he would talk it over with the other people. About two hours later, he came back and he told me this was a very special assignment and they were to blame him for choosing somebody who wasn't really committed to a cause. I had to bite my tongue to keep from saying, "Did they have a cause except just to promote violence?" He asked if I would like to continue the regular program with the rest of the people. I said yes. That night before, when I went to the hotel, my friend warned me to be very careful, they may harm you, don't sleep in your room, sleep out in the park if necessary. So that night I didn't sleep in the hotel. There was a Scientologist who had been expelled from the United States who lived there close to the shore and I went and knocked on his door. I told him I

had been stranded there and was going to Nogales and he gave me a place to stay.

On the fifth day when I walked up, the guy I had originally contacted said, "No, no, no, you have to go right now." The word, he said, had got out and the rest of the students were very angry. They were disappointed in me and my life might be in danger. There was a truck waiting. I was taken to a beach near to there and told to wait. My friend came with me. He said he would wait with me—I think he took a great risk because that was the first time we were really seen together. Then he went back and I worried about him, whether he would be made responsible for what had happened. Months later, I finally

heard from him.

I left with a lot of mixed feelings. I learned that I hadn't exhausted my resources in dealing with what life is about, what change is about. There isn't any miracle cure for my head or for my life. My aneurism hasn't progressed, I still get headaches. The issues are still there. I think human beings aren't made for killing. They're made for trying and trying and trying. I keep losing. But there is no other way.

I am running for mayor of Nogales, Sonora—the election is July 6th. We don't have the money or the mechanics to finance a good campaign. We're trying and trying and trying. We're dreaming again. Someone told me that

if you don't dream, you have nightmares. We're scared out of our wits to think that we could again become cannon fodder as we were in 1910 when one million *Mexicanos* were killed in the revolution. We must have learned something.

My mother is like a little dove. She says, "Teresa, stop arguing, stop writing, stop saying all those things. Get on your knees and pray to God that this changes." And she means it. She prays a lot. I can't oppose her, it's just not there. She is my little dove. She calls me her yucca—it grows out in the desert and is full of thorns. She grew one in a pot and gave it to me. She calls it "Teresa." She says, "It looks very nice, but it's arid and it hurts." □

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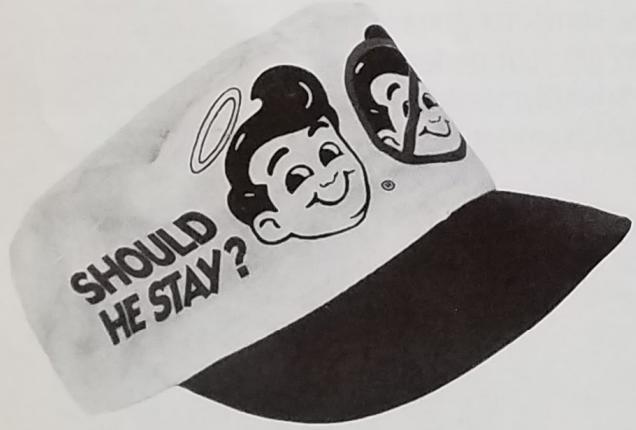
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BIG BOY

*Lettuce raise a toast to that fiberglass ghost,
and eat a Big Boy hamburger
one last time.*



By Laura Greenberg
Photos by Hal Gould



September 1, 1988, will be the last day you can stuff a Big Boy in your belly. Bob's famous, patented Big Boy hamburger is retiring to hamburger heaven, another product to end up a memory as corporations compete for profits in an industry dependent on new ideas. The Tucson chain, for a couple of years now called J.B.'s Big Boy, has become simply J.B.'s, and the company logo, Big Boy (a pudgy Reagan look-alike in checkered overalls), was retired a couple of years ago.

But for Jack Apalategui, manager, the demise of Big Boy is just one of those things. He quit Tucson High in his senior year, found Bob's at Broadway, began as dishwasher and moved up through the ranks. He's been a fixture for twenty-six years.

In his small, cramped office off the kitchen, Jack smokes a Kool cigarette, picks up a white ledger sheet filled with pencil marks, smiles and says, "This is what I can't stand." He likes to be out front, with the people.

It has been noted that those married forever-and-a-day end up looking alike. Jack is a five-foot, eight-inch spaghetti-thin man with round brown eyes, and hair that curves just right in the front. Despite his leanness, he looks as if he's adopted the cherubic cheeks of Big Boy himself. And after all these years, he still eats as many Big Boys as time permits, though the cooks will often ask him, "Don't you want a steak?"

"No," he tells them. "Make me a Big Boy."

Though his memories could fill volumes, here's a quick salute to Bob's and Big Boy through Jack's eyes.

The famous Big Boy recipe: "They're built like a house, from the bottom up," Jack says. "The art of the Big Boy—first you have to start out with a clean grill, temperature setting for the bun grill is 350 degrees and the meat grill is 275. If one's hotter or colder it just won't come out right. You start off by putting a double cut bun on the grill, then you throw on your two eight-to-one patties (1/8 of a pound). They'll start to moisten, blood will come out, and they'll start getting wet. At that point, it's approximately two-and-a-half to three minutes. Before you turn the meat patties over, you turn the center bun—that's so both sides are equally toasted. Then you turn your meat patties, take off your bottom bun and spread the thousand island dressing clear across, until it's all covered, put your lettuce on—shredded lettuce (referred to as "Big Boy lettuce")—place your slice of American cheese on top of the lettuce, take the patty off the grill, tilt it sideways with your hamburger spat, shake the excess grease off, and place it on the cheese. Then you take your center bun off, making sure it's toasted on both sides, and spread thousand across the center bun in an even coat. Pull off the next patty, follow the same procedure, and then take the top bun off the grill, spread another even coat of the thousand and then put it on top of the burger."

"We used to salt the burgers and the fries, but we stopped ten years ago. A lot was for health purposes and a lot of people said they didn't want the salt on it."

The menu followed the times. In 1962, when Bob's first opened, Big Boy appeared in a standing position on the menu. After several menus passed (as the chain grew and so did a country expecting swifter and more efficient service), Big Boy was put into motion. He no longer stood upright on the menu. Now he was in mid-sprint, with a Big Boy in hand.

A college kid came in and ordered twelve Big Boys. Jack said, "Tell you what. If you eat a thirteenth one, we'll pay the bill. The guy ate it, thirteen Big Boys. Whoah, I don't believe this," he remembers and laughs. Jack and his co-worker split the tab.

Someone stole the Big Boy statue and Jack looked all over for it, eventually filing a police report. The culprits called and demanded a ransom of 150 Big Boys and fries before they'd reveal where Big Boy was stashed. Jack told them no. The thieves—a campus fraternity—called back and told Jack where Big Boy was hidden.

What does Jack miss about the good ol' days? "We used to make our own chile, donuts and cheesecakes from scratch. Then I could say, 'Those are Jack's cakes.'" Now, he says, all the stuff is made at the main commissary and trucked in. But times change, and you have to change with them, Jack says. They're going to start serving lots of pasta dishes. The trend these days is toward health, Jack says, adding that what sets them apart is service. Lots of places serve good food, he acknowledges. You just have to always stay one step ahead.

A doctor, nicknamed "The Champ," came in daily and wolfed down two Big Boys and fries, carefully salting his food and rearranging his burger while Jack and his co-workers timed him. He caught on and eventually asked, "How am I doing?" The fastest time he clocked was two-and-a-half minutes.

On the overhang of the building, right above Big Boy's wavy hair, was a speaker. Jack's voice would boom through, playing tricks on employees who were hosing down the statue. One time a drunk was wandering down the street and Jack told him, via Big Boy, "Get home to your wife and kids, get home!" sending the inebriate scurrying.

Big Boy was hosed down daily, but Saturday was his big bath day. Employees washed him with soap and water and made his orange, black and white coat glisten.

Around five years ago, officials of the Marriot (owner of Bob's) were wondering whether they should retire the famous mascot. It didn't really look right in these slim-oriented times to have a chubby kid advertising their food. The media took up the challenge. A radio station in Indiana began a drive: Should Bob stay or should Bob go? "We made a big deal," Jack says, "and put election ballots up at the cashier stands at all the stores throughout the country (at least 800) and then they were tabulated. Big Boy was voted to stay in."

The Tucson store at Broadway, just west of Tucson Boulevard, opened in 1962. Lines wrapped around the building from the time they opened until closing. It was the "in" place to go and be seen. "We were the only ones in town for three years. Then they opened the Speedway and Swan branch," Jack says.

ADVENTURES OF Big Boy



Even legendary stars had a hankering for a Big Boy now and then. During an Old Tucson filming in the '70s, John Wayne went with friends to Bob's. The cashier, Beverly, swooned. She told Jack, "I've got to call my daughter." Jack said, "You can't, we're swamped." A waitress went to Wayne's table and told him that he was Beverly's hero. He swaggered up to the cash register and planted a big kiss on Beverly. Jack remembers that they had to hold her up. "She almost fainted," he laughs.

Everyone knows that Paul and Linda McCartney own property in the Old Pueblo, but they're more like phantoms than real people. Let's set the record straight. Even baby-faced ex-Beatle Paul and wife Linda couldn't resist the temptations of Bob's Big Boy. When they visited the Broadway store, most of the employees didn't recognize them, except for one urgent fan—the dishwasher. Jack says the boy jumped on his bicycle, scooted home and brought back all his Beatles albums. McCartney was kind enough to autograph them, and then told the kid, "Now go out and buy my new album."

"On a good day we've sold 400 Big Boys, and that was when we had a limited menu," Jack says.

Paul Newman, a patron of a Big Boy restaurant in California, visited Jack's place and ordered his Big Boy with onion rings on it. When his burger appeared, he said, "No, that's not right." It seems that in California Big Boys come with a layer of mayonnaise and pickle relish, not the standard thousand island dressing. The staff made his to order, then started cooking up their own batch of "Paul Newman-Style Burgers." □

Dennis DeConcini, now a U.S. senator, ate at Bob's with his family for years. Jack remembers all his children by name. Right before DeConcini left for Washington, the entire family came in and had their last fix of Big Boys. A couple of years ago all Big Boy statues were sent to r.i.p. behind some fence in Utah. Before they were all hauled away, DeConcini requested one. Now it decorates brother Dino's Phoenix backyard.



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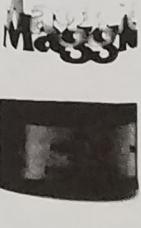
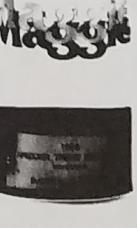
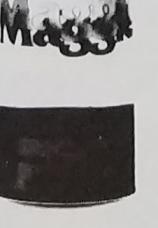
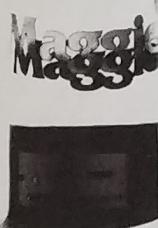
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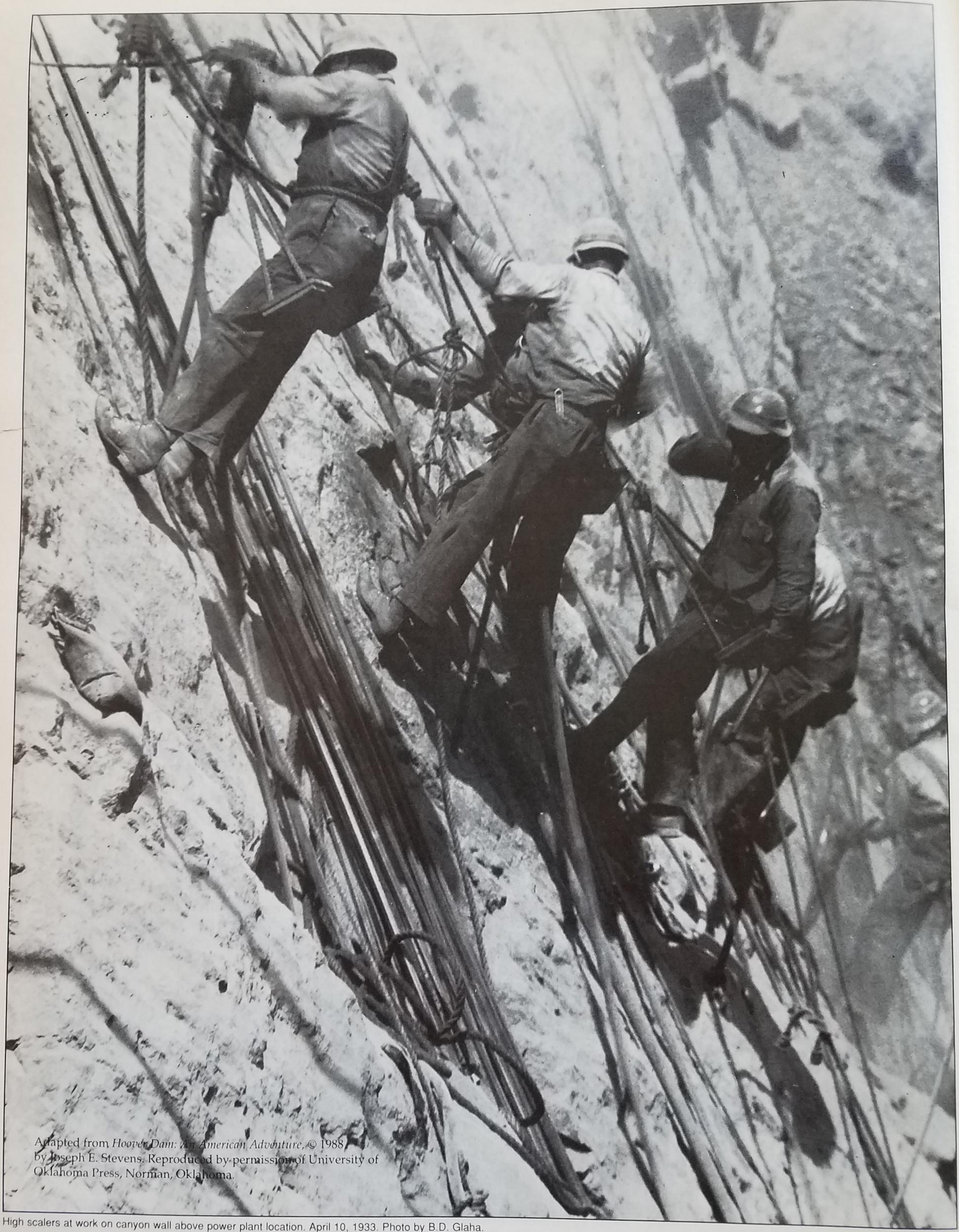
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High scalers at work on canyon wall above power plant location. April 10, 1933. Photo by B.D. Glaha.

HOOVER DAM

Since announcement of the construction timetable in 1930, hundreds of jobless men had been streaming into southern Nevada in caravans of wheezing automobiles, in Union Pacific boxcars, on horseback, and even on foot.... Most of the newcomers were greenhorns—unemployed factory workers, mechanics, salesmen, store clerks, lawyers, bankers and students—who had never performed hard physical labor or lived outdoors. Many of them had brought their families and household belongings, gambled everything that at Hoover Dam they would find jobs and a new beginning....

Within months of the completion of Boulder Highway, more than five hundred people were living on the Flat, as the sandy, brush-covered site along the Colorado was called, sleeping in tattered tents, crude wickiups, or under their cars, cooking over open fires, carrying drinking water from the river....

Williamsville was a respectable name for a village, but it did not really fit the job squatters' slipshod settlement on the river bottom; a more suitable if less complimentary title was soon in universal use: Ragtown. An even more accurate name would have been Cardboardtown, for that was the principal material used in building the hovels. Scrap lumber, flattened oil and gasoline cans, tarpaper, and burlap also were used to fashion rude structures. The mesquite and tamarisk along the Colorado were festooned with blankets and ragged clothing, the ground was littered with refuse, and battered automobiles were parked everywhere, even in the river itself, so that the wooden spokes of their wheels would not dry out and shatter when they bounced along the washboard road to Las Vegas.

The pay
is miserable,
you live in Ragtown and
a thousand other
guys want your job.

By Joseph E. Stevens

Slumbering Ragtown was jolted out of its lethargy on the afternoon of March 12, 1931, when a caravan of government sedans rolled down the main street. Like wildfire the word flashed from tent to tent and shack to shack, "The big boss is here!" Men were shouting questions and entreaties. "When's the job gonna start boss? How many men you gonna need? I'll work hard chief! We ain't had much to eat lately. Please mister...."

On May 12 the number of men on the payroll had jumped to eleven hundred. The summer heat began to settle over the Arizona-Nevada border. As temperatures continued to rise, heat prostration took its toll. One moment a man would be at work, and the next he would convulse, vomit, then collapse into unconsciousness. "While I was [at the River Camp] two men were brought in who had passed out completely," wrote mess-hall waiter Victor Castle. "One, a commissary clerk, collapsed in his tent after he finished work

and had convulsions. There was no doctor. Buckets of ice water were thrown on him. This was the only medical service he got."

Dr. R. W. Martin told the *Las Vegas Evening Review-Journal* that some of the men brought in from the dam site had body temperatures as high as 112 degrees. Worker John Gieck described the situation more bluntly: "[They] arrived in Las Vegas dead, bloated, and looking like they had been parboiled." From June 25 to July 26, fourteen workers died of heat prostration. Observers attributed the heat-related deaths to the dam workers' physical weakness, pointing out that many had been living on little more than coffee, doughnuts, and relief-kitchen soup for months before they arrived in Black Canyon. Overeating was also thought to contribute to the problem. According to this theory, the new men could not resist gorging themselves in the mess hall. Not until a team of physiologists from the Harvard University Fatigue Laboratory

came to Black Canyon in the summer of 1932 to study heat prostration was the actual cause of the problem, dehydration, identified.

The men were not drinking enough water on the job because they were working in dangerous locations where the water boys would not or could not go, and because many mistakenly thought that drinking more water would make them feel sicker and bring on heat prostration. On June 25, 1931, the *Las Vegas Age* announced that "with the arrival of an official temperature of 110 degrees yesterday, the Age is willing to admit that summer is here." That afternoon at the dam site, worker Raymond Hoptland crumpled to his knees, lost consciousness, and died of heat prostration. In Ragtown, women and children squatted in patches of shade cast by tents, bushes, and cars, or huddled up to their necks in the muddy Colorado, seeking relief from the heat.

One of the women was Erma Godbey, who, with her husband, Thomas, their young children, and an old man named Scotty Grants, had come to Ragtown from Oatman, Arizona, several days earlier. The Godbeys had bought a tent from a woman whose husband had been disemboweled by a shovel handle when a dynamite charge exploded prematurely. She cooked over a smoky fire, bathed her children in the muddy river, and learned ways to keep cool, such as hanging wet sheets between mesquite trees to catch the breeze. By the end of July the average daily high was 119 degrees and the average low was 95; in the dark, airless shafts of the diversion tunnels, readings of 140 degrees were recorded on several occasions.

Some men were even losing their sanity in the inferno of Black Canyon and on the baking sands of the river



Ragtown housing. Photograph courtesy of Union Pacific Railroad Collection, University of Nevada, Las Vegas Library.

flat. Marshal Claude Williams was summoned to Ragtown one especially hot afternoon to investigate a report that several young boys were being abused by their father. Williams found the boys staked out, naked, in the burning sunlight, their deranged father sitting nearby.

Like many other women, Erma Godbey had been working valiantly to make the Ragtown encampment as decent a home as possible for her husband and children, but she was approaching the limits of her endurance. She had been sunburned very badly, and the dry desert and hours spent stooping over a smoldering cook fire had blistered and cracked her face. She was sure she had caught a skin disease by bathing in the river and was treating the condition by putting undiluted listerine on the affected areas, further irritating the inflamed skin and causing her great pain. On July 26, she finally reached her breaking point. That day, three Ragtown women died of heat prostration. Two of the corpses were taken to a mortuary in Las Vegas, but no vehicle was available to transport the third, and it lay for several hours in the afternoon sun, bloating horribly

before an ambulance finally arrived to take it away. When Tom Godbey got home from work, he found his wife in a state of panic. Fearing for her children's health and in desperate need of a doctor to treat her ravaged skin, she insisted that they leave Ragtown; three days later the family moved to an auto camp on Bonanza Road in Las Vegas.

"Out on the desert," wrote a columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner*, "men are killing stray burros for food. A child, blackened by the sun, gnaws a bone in the doorway of a rusty tin shack. A mother drags her way about the rude encampment; a tired-eyed man tinkers with a flivver in the head-high clump of mesquite that fringes the graveyard camp.... And just over the hills is a thundering pit of industry." On July 20 the mercury hit 117 degrees in the shade, five men were stricken with heat prostration in Black Canyon, and Edna Mitchell, the fifteen-year-old daughter of worker Elmer Mitchell, died in Ragtown. Six days later the temperature again reached 117 degrees; three more Ragtown women died, and four laborers were incapacitated.

Of all the operations that would be

part of building the largest dam in the world, diverting the Colorado was the most important and most difficult. To do this, four gigantic tunnels, each fifty-six feet in diameter and averaging more than four thousand feet in length, were to be driven through the solid rock. In spite of the summer heat, which was especially brutal in the tunnel shafts where there was no nighttime cooling and where the temperature consistently hovered in the 120- to 130-degree range, the pace of tunnel excavation quickened. During June the pioneer headings advanced 410 feet; in July, the advance was 1,045 feet; and in September the figure jumped to 3,235 feet.

One of the new men who signed on to work in the tunnels in the fall of 1931 was Marion Allen of Jackson, Wyoming. Allen was surprised and relieved by the swiftness with which he was hired—he had arrived in Las Vegas with only \$1.50 in his pocket and found that thousands of men were registered at the employment office—but as a former carpenter and concrete finisher he had to wonder what hazards awaited him inside the gaping maws of the diversion tunnels.

A typical shift in the tunnels began

with the crew arriving at the portals in transport trucks from Boulder City. The men changed out of their street clothes in the drying rooms and, at the walker's [tunnel superintendent's] command, spilled into the tunnel and ran to the headings. The atmosphere was thick with the odor of wet slag, the exhaust fumes of muck-hauling trucks, and the acrid stench of exploded dynamite. The steady rumble that was barely audible in the drying rooms became a full-throated, tooth-rattling roar as the workers approached the tunnel heading and the face of the bench. There, in the blinding white glare cast by its banks of 1,500-watt floodlights, stood a hulking jumbo [a mammoth motor-driven rig that allowed many miners to drill the face of the tunnel at once], shivering like a thing alive. The miners clambered onto the rig and manned the drills. The din increased to almost unbearable levels as the steel shafts bored into the bench, and the whole tunnel quaked with intense, grinding vibrations that radiated from the jumbo.

The miners began loading the drill holes with dynamite cartridges. Before primers were inserted, however, the

lights on the jumbo had to be turned off and a squad of electricians called in to set up portable floods; if one of the electrically ignited primers came into contact with a live wire on the jumbo, the resulting explosion would wipe out most of the tunnel crew. A loose connection could lead to a hangfire, forcing a miner to reenter the tunnel and tinker with the unexploded charge, a nightmarish task that was to be avoided if at all possible.

The loose rock was concentrated by the Caterpillar tractor, scooped up by the electric shovel, and deposited in the dump trucks, which then roared out of the tunnel and up steep access roads to the disposal areas in side canyons several miles from the tunnel portals. To visitors touring the construction site, one of the most memorable—and terrifying—sights was the procession of empty muck-hauling trucks racing backwards down the winding, precipitous grades into Black Canyon, the drivers standing up in the open cabs with one foot planted firmly on the accelerator and the other on the running board, craning over their shoulders to see where they were going. The time-saving expedient of backing trucks into the canyon, which eliminated the need for turnaround areas at the disposal sites and tunnel portals, was the idea of the subcontractor. Negotiating canyon roads in reverse did save time, but it required drivers with unusual skill and nerves of steel.

The miners had no choice but to accept the contractors' quest for speed and the unsafe conditions it created. Men who protested openly about dangerous job practices or the hazardous work environment were summarily fired and replaced by laborers drawn from the huge pool of unemployed men loitering in Las Vegas.

The most spectacular job, however, belonged to the men known as high scalers, whose task it was to strip the canyon walls of all debris. High scaling was not work for the weak, the clumsy, or the faint of heart. Heavy ropes were anchored to the canyon rim and cast over the precipice. Bosun's chairs—rectangular boards two feet long and a foot wide—were rigged to these main, or lead, ropes with a chair rope about three feet long. The rigger's knot, or stopper hitch, connecting the chair rope to the main rope could be opened or closed by the man in the bosun's chair, permitting him to rappel down the cliff face to his work station. The return trip to the rim was more strenuous: a grinding hand-over-hand climb up several hundred feet of cliff. It was reported that many of the high scalers employed at Hoover Dam were former sailors or circus performers. They also had to be strong, for they went over the side weighted down with wrenches, crowbars, water bags and other paraphernalia. Once they were in position, the forty-four-pound jackhammers and bundles of drill steel were lowered to

them; they tightened the stopper hitches, attached their safety belts, planted their feet against the wall, leaned backwards out over the abyss with only the narrow plank of the bosun's chair for support, and began drilling. Falling objects were so dangerous that some of the scalers manufactured their own safety helmets by dipping cloth hats into tar and letting the tar harden into a tough shell. The contractors were sufficiently impressed to order thousands of factory-manufactured "hard-boiled hats" and to suggest strongly that men working in exposed areas wear them, making the Boulder Canyon Project one of the first hard-hat jobs in American construction history.

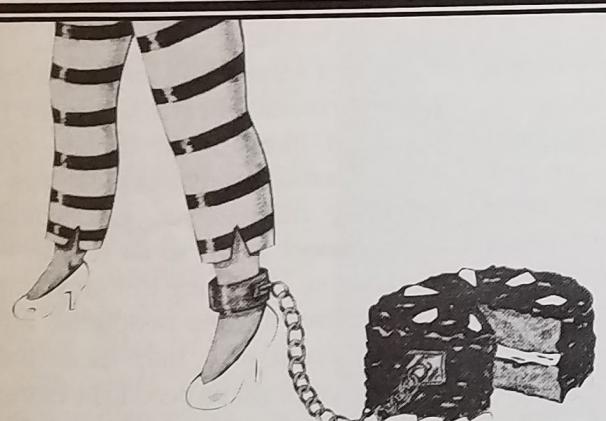
In spite of the risk, or perhaps because of it, many men were attracted to high scaling. When the foreman wasn't looking or was busy in another part of the work area, a daring young man on a Hoover Dam trapeze would grasp the lead rope, plant his boots, and give a mighty shove, propelling himself out from the wall. There was an ongoing competition to determine who could swing the farthest from the wall, the highest over the canyon, execute the most spectacular in-air exhibition with hands and feet, and so on.

Looking down on this anthill of activity from the rim high above, the casual observer could be forgiven for concluding that man had deposited the river as the undisputed master of Black

Canyon. The English writer J.B. Priestly came, saw, and was thrilled and moved. "It is like the beginning of a new world," he rhapsodized about the dam site, "a world of giant machines and titanic communal enterprises.... When you look down...and you see the men who have made it all moving far below like ants or swinging perilously in midair as they were little spiders and you note the majestic order and rhythm of the work, you are visited by emotions that are hard to describe, if only because some of them are as new as the great Dam itself."

The contractors' gross earnings totaled approximately \$51.6 million. Of this amount between twenty and thirty-five percent was profit. They finished the job two years, one month and twenty-eight days ahead of schedule and under budget. On December 20, 1922, J.G. Tierney drowned in the Colorado while working on the survey for the dam. Thirteen years later, on December 20, 1935, Tierney's son Patrick, a twenty-five-year-old electrician's helper working on the top of one of the intake towers, fell 325 feet to his death. He was the last man to die building Hoover Dam. On September 30, 1935, the dam was dedicated. President Franklin Roosevelt said, "Gee, this is magnificent." The Dam is 726.4 feet high, 660 feet wide at the base, and 45 feet wide at the top. And it works.

—The Editor



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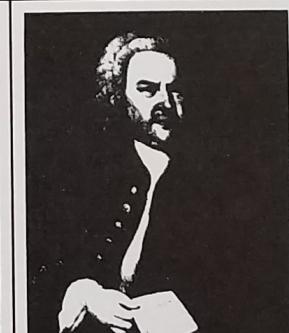
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WAKE UP TUCSON!

*ATC's Artistic Director answers
his critics with a challenge:
Make up your mind!*

By Molly McKasson

Gary Gisselman has been artistic director of the Arizona Theatre Company since 1980. He has directed more than thirty plays, including such favorites as *Quilters*, *Galileo*, *Fool for Love* and *A Little Night Music*. As the theater reaches a new milestone, expanding into its own space next season, Gisselman is wrestling with his own changes as an artist. He's getting a lot of unsolicited advice along the way, and in the following conversation with Molly McKasson, he answers his critics.

McKasson: ATC has really been under close scrutiny lately from local critics—on the past season, the one yet to come, and even on your stand as artistic director. It seems only fair that you get a chance to review your own season.

Gisselman: Well, I thought it was incredibly ambitious and in most senses it was highly successful. It was really hard on us because we did seven shows instead of six. It was a season to test us, to see if we were ready to move into the Temple here in the fall and the Herberger, the new theater they're building for us in Phoenix, possibly next April.

M: Financially, has this been a rough season? Last year's American Dream

season was very controversial, between the F-words being dropped in *Glenn Gary Glenn Ross*, and the babies being dropped in *Bette and Boo*. I know you got a lot of flack from audiences.

G: We got an enormous amount of negative feedback. We were down this year from the Dream season. [Season tickets in Tucson dropped from 6,579 in '86-'87 to 6,237 in '87-'88.]

M: And yet there were many who felt it was your most remarkable season.

G: Now they're coming forward and saying that. But we've had a helluva time selling single tickets. The worst thing people can do when they don't like a show is refuse to go again just to punish you.... On the other hand, if we are in the business of private and public cooperation—an expression they love to use in this state—then you have to know that if someone doesn't like something, they aren't going to give anything. That, in a way, is our life. The worst thing is its shortsightedness.

The people who rip up their programs and decide they'll never come back are the people I want to talk to. Often I would go to a party and someone would say, "Hey, we saw *Bette and Boo* the other night and I really didn't like it." And then we start talking about the high divorce rate and all the broken homes—and how dropping the baby symbolizes how we treat children in a society—then these people are willing to listen and talk about these things. They understand.

Still, it's upsetting for them to come to the Arizona Theatre Company that has been like an old friend—where we've seen so many moving things, entertaining things—you just wouldn't quite expect them to do that to you. Well, we're not trying to do anything to anyone, but to help people see things in a different way, help them change things that perhaps need to be changed. Not teaching, not preaching...but like something we saw scrawled in the underpass awhile back: "Wake Up Tucson!" Sometimes you want to do a play that says, "Wake Up Tucson!"

M: It must be difficult to strike a balance between traditional and innovative theater.

G: That's one of the reasons we split this season into the Discovery and Heritage series.

M: Some theater lovers thought it was a copout.

G: We did it because we didn't want to turn people away. We realized after people were so offended by the language and form of newer, untraditional plays, that we needed to develop some kind of main stage/second stage mentality. Not a second stage as a stepchild to the main stage—just a consciousness that we have a schizophrenic audience.

like just about every other theater in the country.

M: So Heritage/Discovery sort of breaks down into traditional vs. innovative, old vs. young, conservative vs. liberals...?

G: It's a little like that, but it never breaks down that neatly. I have a theory about this. I think there are some people who just love to go to the theater, and it doesn't have anything to do with economics, education or politics. They just like the experience, and so they go and see everything. And if they don't like it, it's not the end of the world for them. Like good baseball fans, they don't go expecting to win every time. And this love cuts across everything.

I do think it breaks down a little with people who were raised on the likes of Eugene O'Neill or Tennessee Williams—the well-told story etc. And a play like *On the Verge* will not fit into the old forms. Yet, there are directors who hate that play, there are theater people who can't stand it—so it's not even just a split in the audience. Which you can either find discouraging or you can learn a lot from and realize that there's no standard for what people like or dislike.

The split season didn't have so much to do with economics as it had to do with programming. We don't want to drive out the long-time supporters, but we also must build a younger audience. And by labeling them Heritage and Discovery, we thought this would be some indication that these are two different sorts of seasons. The irony was that most people bought all of them. Next year we will not split the season.

M: It seems you worry a lot about audience development, yet you have been doing good theater for almost twenty years.

G: What I worry about is how to deal with what is really a transient population in Tucson—one-third of the Tucson population turns over every three to five years. We need to find out how to market to this group, many of whom are successfully moving up in large companies. We may have a solid base of only 4,500 season ticket holders. But my goal is to get 10,000. It would take a lot of pressure off us and the critics. We wouldn't have to worry



Photo Courtesy of Wide World Photo

about whether the reviews were going to hurt attendance. Critics wouldn't have to think of themselves as consumer reporters instead of critics of an art form. Ten thousand—that's less than two percent of the population.

M: What was your most artistically satisfying play this season?

G: I loved doing *Candide*, but the Studs Terkel (*Dreamers of the Day*) was in many ways the most rewarding. I liked the set very much. Someone was talking to me about how busy it was—there was a fear of it becoming talking heads—and maybe we erred on the other side at times...but my reply was, "Lives of desperate quietness and importance are being lived on Speedway. Drive down it some night. It's

garish, it's ugly, and we created it. That's the world in which we pursue serious intellectual and emotional feelings."

M: Do audiences come expecting more and more spectacle, perhaps because of the heavy saturation of TV and film?

G: I don't have a proclivity to do spectacular shows. I think it's a danger in the culture right now. We are a visually oriented culture, but a balance must be found between visual and language.

M: How did you feel about *Sizwe Bansi*?

G: The production did all right in Tucson, and then was our worst box office ever in Phoenix. People complained that they were tired of hearing

about apartheid. Then I got a \$250 donation from someone in Phoenix who thought this was just the kind of theater we ought to be doing, and he said it was so discouraging to go into the lobby and hear people making jokes about blacks.

M: I assume you get much bigger financial backing in Phoenix than in Tucson.

G: Yes, but we need it because we don't make as much money there.

M: Do you think you'll ever move your base of operation to Phoenix?

G: There's no point in moving, because we're back and forth so much. We're like a road company. We were the first regional in the country to do this. I'll tell you what's hardest about this. I had fourteen openings this year. You know how stressful openings are.

M: Midway through the season, you lost the rights to *Walk in the Woods*. *Taking Steps* seemed an inappropriate substitution.

G: We had trouble finding another play. We thought we needed a comedy, and we were limited to a small cast because of budget. I agree with you, it's an unusual play in that slot.

But, having said that, follow this: It opens in Tucson. Scott Skinner trashes it in the *Star*, Chuck Graham of the *Citizen* gives it an unusually good review, for Chuck on that kind of play. Howard Allen of the *Weekly* liked it very much. Then we go to Phoenix and the headline from Ann Bendheim's *Gazette* review reads, "Good Bye Relevance, Good Riddance. Finally, a Comedy WE Can Enjoy." And Joy Coolidge in the *Republic* says in her review, "*Taking Steps* is a very adventurous play." Not only do we have schizophrenic audiences, but whole cities.

You must understand that there were subscribers who thought this was the best show we'd done in four or five seasons. I don't agree with that, but I don't think that at age twenty-six Scott Skinner can sit down and write that this was the worst production we've done in twelve years.

M: Is one review from the *Star* that devastating?

G: Yes—in terms of single tickets. There's a real dilemma in American theater. Americans can't decide how they feel. Did you see the Lou Harris poll that said theater-going was down twenty-five percent in the last five years? Less leisure time is the cause of it, but for whatever reason, going to the theater has become too confining a night out for people. It could be true in the future that unfortunately we may have to spend as much on advertising as on artist fees, because the hardest thing to do is sell single tickets—especially to an unknown show. *Quilters* was the last unknown to do extremely well. Terkel's *Dreamers* is not selling well. None of the critical notices were really "money-reviews." Skinner's was

the most disappointing because it did not celebrate what we had accomplished in Tucson. But I can't tell them what to write.

M: I heard you demanded a meeting with Skinner and an apology for the article that came out just before the opening of *Dreamers*.

G: We did this because he printed misleading information by implying we were so broke we were "begging" for money. He wrote, "If Terkel turns people off, the company will have a hard time selling tickets for next year." The tone, the language used, was so inappropriate...and so we asked him to

come in and talk to us. In some ways it disturbs me to see Scott give advice to people in his reviews now, because I don't think he's experienced enough.

It was a pleasant meeting. I don't bear him any personal animosity. I don't really know his motivations.... I asked him why we can't get into the Sunday paper, and he said there are fights with the editors all the time. They have to put in all those Doctor Ruth columns.... Every other city with a regional theater would always run a huge story the Sunday before opening. We can't get in the Sunday paper. If we're going to be the city of the arts, the media are going to have to kick in. The paper that really has its heart in the right place is the *Citizen*. Publisher Don

Hatfield is extremely supportive of the arts. And Howard Allen at the *Weekly* is very nurturing of the arts community. We've been told by editors at the *Star* that theater coverage doesn't help sell newspapers.

M: But Skinner's reviews do upset you, right?

G: It's the tone he takes. We both know that there are ways of offering criticism without devastating actors or directors and keeping people away from the show. He says one of his strong points is that he was a theater major. I think one of his problems was that he had been writing about rock musicians for a long time. They come in and they're gone. They're not in any way dependent on the community for continuing support. We've been through five critics at the *Star* since I've been here.

M: I've been told that two years ago that the *Star*'s Bob Campbell was called on the carpet by ATC when he gave a very bad review of Michael Grady's new play, *A Circular Function*.

G: He wasn't called on the carpet at all. We wanted to give him an understanding of what the new plays and playwrights series was. He really hurt Mike and I think he dealt a blow to the program. It kept people away.

M: Do you think the *Star* has a responsibility toward the healthy growth of ATC?

G: I think too many reviews are written to tell you whether you should go see the show or not. I think we have to get away from that sort of consumerism in the form of judgment.

M: What do you think Skinner's or any other critic's responsibility should be?

G: I think first of all they have an obligation to try to put the production in perspective—in the work of the company, the work of the city, and the work that's being done around the country. It doesn't do any good to say that we're doing *Taking Steps* and Brustein's theater is doing a Pirandello. Brustein's theater is in Cambridge, part of a large Boston community with a great theater tradition. No one's moving to Tucson because they've heard there's a better theater company here. My question is, if these people in the critical phase of the theater are not supporters of the art, then who will be?

M: You're not looking for critics to be a cheering section?

G: No. But there's a difference between pandering, or being unfair—and being supporters. Of course, they have a right to their opinions. But they have to be advocates, to really want to see the theater survive. In the Twin Cities [Gisselman came here from Minneapolis]

list, the critics did a lot to create the vibrant theater scene there. It's about supporting the art form. Either we adopt that attitude or accept that we aren't going to have anything left.

M: Does all this financial quicksand make you a little wary of next season?

G: I feel very good about the season we have selected at this point. It's hotter than last year. We're beginning to think that maybe the plays we picked last season were too cool. They didn't have strong characters that pulled you in. Next year we'll be doing *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Under Milkwood*, *Steel Magnolias*, Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *I'm Not Rappaport*, and a great Italian comedy, *Venetian Twins*. Most of the plays are language plays and I like that.

M: When you pick a season, do you feel pulled between your artistic self and the ATC institution?

G: Institution doesn't have to be a bad word. But when you start making decisions for reasons other than how you do the art, that's dangerous.

M: Is it unusual in regional theater for the board to vote on whether to approve the season—as in the case of the ATC board?

G: It was in the by-laws for years before I came. The board is very helpful, but, frankly, I think there are very few artistic directors who would come here after me who would accept that.

M: When critics or theater-goers state that the magic or vision has gone out of the company, do you feel they are pointing the finger at you?

G: Yes. And it breaks my heart. I guess some people think that this one person has this vision and it's written in stone some place. How I pick a season reflects how I'm changing, reflects the company, the actors, staff etc. It all goes into the hopper.

There are two kinds of directors: the one who says I'm going to do this play no matter what; and the kind like myself who want to pick plays that move them, but also want to see lots of audience come in. I don't know if it's a failing, but I probably don't believe in pure visions. The work is extremely collaborative.

M: Do you think ATC will ever become truly regional, doing plays that relate to our part of the country?

G: I had a rude awakening when I directed *Custer* in my first season. I made the wrong assumption that because we were in the West, people would be interested in western things. Not so. When I came here, I was disturbed that the company wasn't doing more Hispanic theater. But I think it is

an arrogant assumption that the Hispanic community is waiting for ATC. Last fall, we did a joint project with Teatre Carmen, called *Orinoco*. This may be our best approach. Hopefully, the plays we pick have a universal appeal.

It is just as important to make people in Tucson and Phoenix aware of what's going on in the world. Do we reflect the community, or do we lead it? I don't think the theater and the arts can produce a demand for a community to change. That isn't to copout and say that we shouldn't be doing things that are dangerous or on the edge, but I think a community has to give its permission for that to happen. I think a community has to be in a state of health

which says, "Yes, we want to know more about ourselves."

M: I know as head of ATC you have to play politics as much as art sometimes. That comes with the territory. But what about yourself as an artist? What do you stand for?

G: I'm committed to the notion that ideas in the theater are what are most exciting. The theater should be more than a night out. It should be part of the fabric of the community, part of its consciousness. We need to understand, to feel we're in the same boat. I'm not an iconoclast. I don't want to shock people. I come from working-class stock—labor.

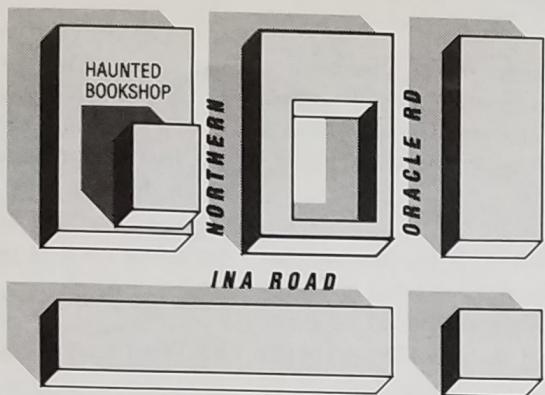
In a way, allowing myself to become vulnerable is getting to the heart of it. I have to put on my best face a lot. Just to reveal that I worry about the life I'm leading, if my work is worthwhile, is scary to me. Putting everything on the line is not something that comes easily. Camus says, "If the world were clear, we would not need art. But it isn't. We need to penetrate that opacity."

M: What's your biggest fear?

G: I don't want to lose courage. I'm constantly trying to keep a balance between caring for the institution and keeping up the courage I need to do the work I want to do. □

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BOOKS

IF THERE'S A ROCK AND ROLL HEAVEN

BY GREGORY McNAMEE

He called himself "a contender if not now then tomorrow for the title Best Writer in America." And, who knows, he might even have seized the crown, had not a hard, fifteen-year campaign of steady drugging and boozing taken him out of the ring, at the age of thirty-three, before he could duke it out with the likes of Bellow and Updike and Burroughs. Lester Bangs rewrote the rules of pop-music criticism, and the millions of words that sprang from his typewriter, many into the pages of *Rolling Stone* and *Creem*, set standards for writing about popular culture that have not been matched since Bangs drifted into glory.

When Bangs died in 1982—the flu, of all things, took him out—he left behind a mountain of record reviews, essays, short stories, novels and book proposals as his literary legacy. Fellow critic Greil Marcus took on the task of sorting the tens of thousands of manuscript pages and printed pieces into a manageable reader. *Psychotic Reactions and Carburetor Dung* (New York: Knopf, 416 pp., \$19.95), the resulting book, is a fine tribute to Bangs' talent.

While the title essay—its name combines those of two albums, circa 1967, by the now-forgotten band Count Five—illustrates the qualities for which Bangs will be missed: a quick wit, a wandering style that makes Hunter Thompson's seem straightforward by comparison and a gift for coining flawless phrases. In that essay—he deserves a plaque in the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame for this alone—Bangs invented the name "punk rock," ten years before the Sex Pistols, the Dead Kennedys, and the Damned would make it a household expression. (Bangs used it to describe the Troggs, of "Wild Thing" fame.) He meant it as a compliment, for Bangs was always a champion of punks and the grunge-rock they screamed out: the Fugs, the Godz, the Thirteenth-Floor Elevator, Iggy Pop and the Stooges, Richard Hell and the Voidoids, the Clash. In fact, Bangs penned a few grunge-rock classics himself, among them "Please Don't Burn My Yoyo" and "He Gave You the Finger, Mabel," tunes that, alas, never made the airwaves.

Reserving his praise for those unlikely to get it—or an audience—elsewhere, Bangs savaged all the right people for bringing down the average in rock 'n' roll: Chicago, the Eagles,

Paul McCartney ("the only rock-and-roller in *A Hard Day's Night* was Paul's grandfather"), the post-"Madman Across the Water" Elton John. Never afraid to shoot fish in a barrel, he nourished a special hatred for the wimps who took over popular music in the early and mid-1970s, one of them above all:

If I ever get to Carolina I'm gonna try to figure out a way to off James Taylor. I hate to come off like a Nazi, but if I hear one more Jesus-walking-the-boys-and-girls-down-a-Carolina-path-while-the-dilemma-of-existence-crashes-like-a-slab-of-hod-on-J.T.'s-shoulders song, I will drop everything...and hop the first Greyhound to Carolina for the signal satisfaction of breaking off a bottle of Ripple...and twisting it into James Taylor's guts until he expires in a spasm of adenoidal poesy.

Psychotic Reactions falters here and there. Greil Marcus chose not to include any of Bangs' sharp-tongued reviews from *Rolling Stone* (Bangs was fired from *RS* for not being sufficiently "respectful" to such acts as Rod Stewart, the Bee Gees and the aforementioned Mr. Taylor), which, with Joe Esterhaz's journalism, offered the only thing worth reading in the magazine for many years; the book could have used a good selection from them. And Marcus devotes a full tenth of the book to Bangs' reporting on Lou Reed, who perpetrated the Velvet Underground and *Metal Machine Music*—Bangs called it "the greatest album of all time," ranking it over even Blue Cheer's *Vincebus Eruptum*—only to grow up to shill American Express cards and Honda.

"A very great man (I think it was the Isley Brothers) once said," wrote Bangs, "that the bottom truism re life on the planet is that it is merely a process of sequential disappointments." The faults in *Psychotic Reactions* aren't serious enough to make the book one of them. Lester Bangs' greatness as a critic lay in his drawing the right moral lessons from popular music and culture and choosing the right friends and enemies, excoriating millionaire rock stars for their arrogance and mediocrity while championing artists that less imaginative critics ignored. Were he at work today, Bangs would be making causes out of Mojo Nixon, the Meat Puppets, the Butthole Surfers—and Rainer Ptacek. □

VIDEO

MOVIES FOR GUYS

You've had a hard day. The last thing you want to do is think.

BY KEN NICHOLS

You're a guy. You've spent your day fighting fires, building skyscrapers, selling insurance. You need a cold beer and red meat. The last thing you want to do is think. This flick's for you.

You want big action, big laughs. And you don't care what the critics said about it. Or whether it has women in it. In this kind of movie women are just props anyway, like the other stuff movie guys always have around: automatic weapons, explosives, campfires, flammable fuels, beans, tobacco, tools, shortwave radios, liquor, cash, bullets, banjos and guitars, coffee, dogs. And big, powerful vehicles to put everything in.

Four generations of little boys at Saturday afternoon matinees (and, apparently, a lot of other people) have kept this kind of movie healthy at the box office. A good primer on the subject, and one of the best movies in a long time, came out on tape a while back. The guys in director John Boorman's *"Hope and Glory"* ('87) are, literally, little boys. Little boys dream about becoming men possessed of the wherewithal, and the friends, to stand up to the most outrageous fortune, to be sufficiently clever, brave and, nowadays, well-armed to represent something good and right, and to kick bad guys' butts all day long, just like in the movies.

Both versions of *"The Thing"* ('51 and '82) are about guys stuck in a blizzard with a hungry creature from outer space who just won't compromise. The earlier version has a woman in camp and a less exotic monster (a blood-drinking vegetable that looks just like Marshal Matt Dillon), so rent the '82 flick. If grotesque special effects like slimy gargoyles bursting out of human beings bother you, forget this one. You're probably not a real guy anyway. A gang of good character actors doing work that should have been taken seriously but wasn't.

"Highlander" ('86) is a dazzlingly bad movie certain to satisfy. Awesome swordsmen from throughout history achieve immortality and have to kill one another to see who gets the grand prize in some sort of cosmic game show (that part's never explained, but it doesn't matter). Sean Connery's one of them, and he seems to enjoy being in this movie even though he has to dress

like Liberace. The villain is a big, nasty, heretical skinhead punk with Charlton Heston's voice-of-God.

The monsters who liven up the days of movie guys don't have to come from outer space. *"Deliverance"* ('72, directed by Boorman, a real guy) delivers them in the form of ultra-backwoods sons of the South. (I was raised in Dixie, and these guys scared the hell out of everyone back there.) They're up against Burt Reynolds and John Voight, but these locals are equal to any combination of stars.

"The Naked Prey" ('66). It's the Dark Continent in the 19th century. A European safari offends the natives and pays the price. Cornel Wilde is stripped of his clothes and given about a football-field headstart; the toughest warriors in the tribe get to chase him down. It's a good deal compared to what the other safari members get. Bizarre imagery; a feast of jungle-phobia.

The Big One, the One We Won, WWII—probably the single biggest source of guy movies. *"The Great Escape"* ('63), *"The Dirty Dozen"* ('67) and *"Sahara"* ('43) are three of the best. *"The Longest Day"* ('62) contains almost every guy who ever made a movie and it's the ultimate in scale—thousands of guys doing guy things. But let's consider a couple of flicks that nobody ever mentions. *"Desperate Journey"* ('42) stars ultimate-guy Errol Flynn, which means it also has Alan Hale, Sr. Ronald Reagan's one of the guys, too. This may be the only time the President wore a Nazi uniform in public. The flick lasts about two hours and he gets into Werhmacht togs ten minutes in. The guys crash-land their bomber in Poland and fight their way across the Continent, killing more Germans than you can count. *"Play Dirty"* ('69). Michael Caine leads a long-range recon patrol in North Africa (the guys get to dress up in German uniforms in this one, too). Tough, gritty; the best WWII desert flick.

If you insist on quality—even in guy movies—there's a trio that comes frighteningly close to Art. *"The Seven Samurai"* ('54), *"The Treasure of the Sierra Madre"* ('48) and *"The Wild Bunch"* ('69) are good enough to satisfy even a Real Film Critic. But don't worry, you can enjoy them even if you write "Cinema" with a crayon. □

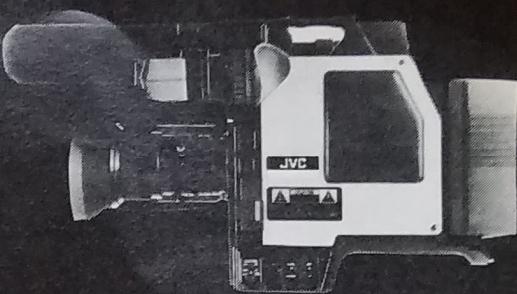
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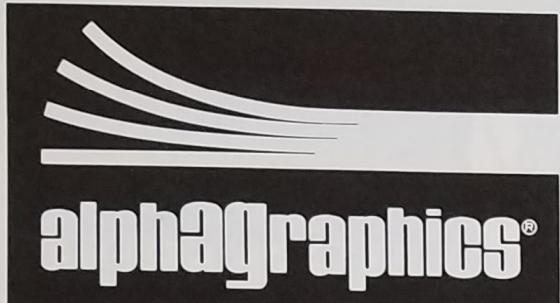


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LOCAL CUSTOM

WHEN THE SAINTS CAME MARCHING IN

Summer as a celebration

BY JIM GRIFFITH



Bettina

I doubt that any readers of this page need to be reminded that it's summer. The rains should be here pretty soon now, with the spadefoot toads singing and breeding in the puddles (against the off chance that some of those puddles will last 'til eggs hatch into tadpoles and tadpoles turn into toads which can burrow into the ground and await the next rain). On the human side of things, this seems a time for enduring or getting out. Many Tucsonans take their vacations about now, preferably to somewhere a little cooler. (But not O'odham, by and large, and not many working-class Mexicans of my acquaintance. For them, this is simply another time of year, with its own character, problems and advantages.) When I came to town in the '50s, this was the slow season, when some stores actually closed for the summer, and one could enjoy a more relaxed, less crowded Tucson. We used to call it "having the place to ourselves."

A century ago, things were different. Two important days of celebration fell right spang in the middle of the hot weather—*el día de San Juan* on June 24 and *el día de San Agustín* on August 28, Tucson's biggest days of the year—and both are things of the past, as far as their original form is concerned.

June 24, the feast of Saint John the

Baptist, is an important day all over Mexico. It is closely involved with water. In fact, one June 24th when I was in Cuautla, Morelos, south of Mexico City, there was a wild water fight all over the town's flat roofs. Unwary passersby stood in a fair way of getting drenched. Here in Tucson things weren't so violently wet, but folks did try to go for picnics down by the river or beside the irrigation ditches that ran through the west side of town. Musicians would awaken the town's Juans and Juanas (and perhaps some Johns, James and Joans as well) with pre-dawn *serenatas*. Mass would be said, horse races would take place along some of Tucson's as yet unpaved streets, and there would be a rooster pull. This traditional San Juan's Day game involved burying a rooster up to his neck in dirt, and then trying to pluck him out from the deck of a galloping horse. Once this was accomplished, other horsemen would try to get him away from the first. Everyone had a great time except, I suspect, the rooster.

All is gone now, except for a stubborn set of beliefs concerning weather prediction. People still feel that having the first rains of summer on June 24 is a sign of a wonderful, wet year to come. And rain just before the day is cause for concern. But no longer does any real

celebration take place on *el mero día de San Juan*.

San Agustín, our patron saint, has fared a little better. Before the coming of the railroad, his day was the occasion for Tucson's annual blowout, often lasting more than a week. There would be Masses, of course. But there was also a lot of feasting, gambling, drinking, dancing and other forms of purely secular celebration. An O'odham band would often come from San Xavier and add to the festivities. This once-wild celebration was gone by the early 1900s, sat upon by our growing "progressive element" who wanted a better local image than that provided by the local bash.

Saint Augustine's fiesta was revived in 1975 by the Arizona Historical Society and others as a part of the celebration of Tucson's Bicentennial. The new celebration includes Mass at San Agustín Cathedral and an afternoon and evening of programs, feasting, music and dancing in and around the Historical Society's museum on East Second Street. Looming over the proceedings is the facade of the old San Agustín Cathedral.

Take a close look at that facade next time you're down that way. It's made of stone, and it's a great job of craftsmanship. It is also designed to look like

a French Romanesque church, and was carved by a Frenchman. (He stayed on to found the family that owns El Charro restaurant.) It looks to Europe rather than to Mexico for its artistic inspiration.

In time the old church was replaced by the present cathedral on Stone Avenue. It took its present form in the late '20s, after Tucson was so well integrated into mainstream Anglo America that Spanish-style architecture was considered an expression of our regional heritage rather than a threat to our American identity. The old cathedral eventually was torn down, and its facade was saved to end up on the front of the Historical Society's museum. Although I won't belabor the point, the story of the church certainly seems to parallel the story of the fiesta.

So there are two of our old-time summer celebrations. One is gone, while the other has been revived in a changed form. What is still around is the community that makes up Tucson. Growing at a fearsome rate, never dull, and still a heck of a lot nicer to live in than most other places I can think of. I guess I won't leave just yet. □

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.



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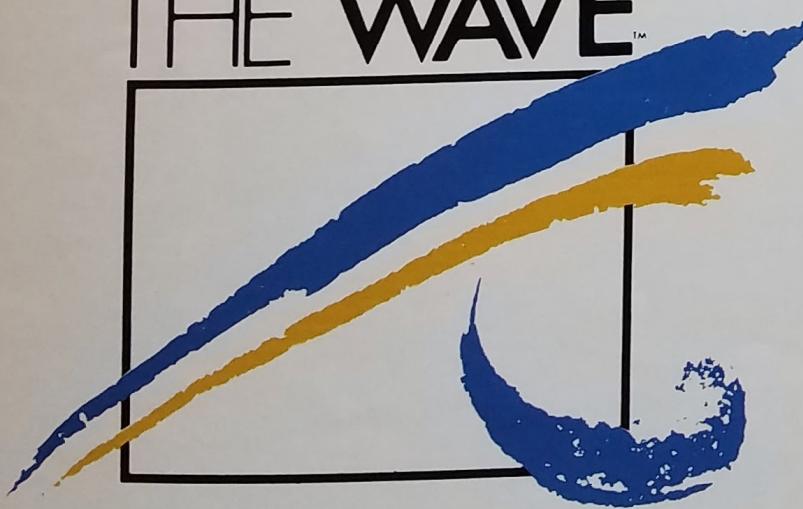
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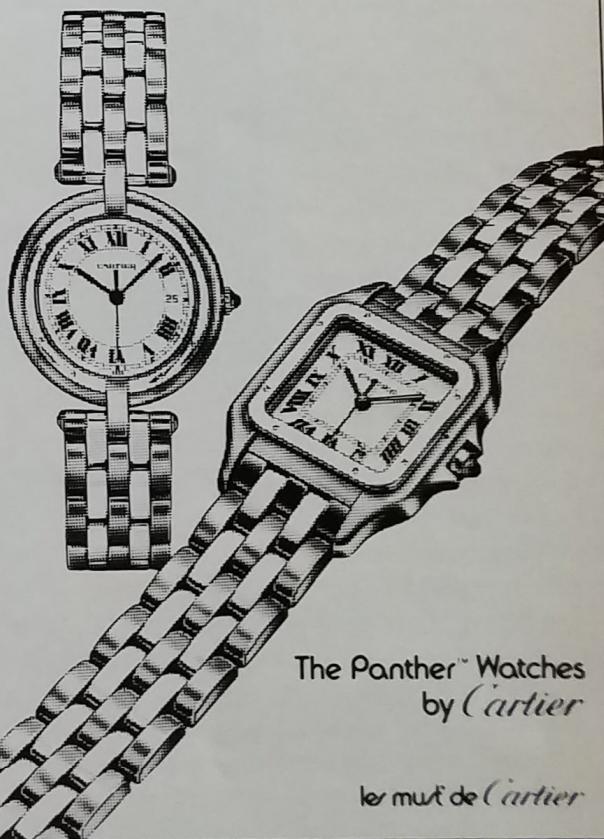


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Hal Gould

Alamo Reaves came to Tucson twenty years ago, and in 1973 she founded Handi-Dogs, Inc. (5332 E. Rosewood, Telephone: 326-3412). The nonprofit organization was the first in the U.S. to help disabled people train their own dogs to assist them. Nearly 600 Handi-Dogs have graduated, and the community has helped to build a training and recreation area in Reid Park for the disabled.

I raised cockers as a hobby. And as my disease progressed and I became more and more limited—I have rheumatoid arthritis—I would look at the dogs and, just from living with them, know that they could do things to help me. If I just knew how to train them....

When I moved out to Arizona, I met a lot of disabled people. We have the largest disabled population per capita in the United States. We definitely have the largest arthritis population per capita, because the weather helps about ninety percent of arthritics. I came out flat on my back, dying, and I crossed the state line and I've been better ever since.

I met people out here who just longed to have a dog, and they envied me my dogs for the companionship and the pleasure. No one had ever held an obedience class for disabled people. But I instinctively didn't want someone else training my dog because a dog builds a bond to its trainer.

So we set up this little class, and by word of mouth the thing just grew. We have a core of dedicated volunteers to help.

I always think of Diane. She's a real attractive and intelligent gal, a college grad, who had a severe automobile accident on her way to work in Michigan when she was about twenty-two. It left her quadriplegic, with motion only in her elbows. She

moved to Tucson to go back to school, and she required twenty-four-hour care. She's someone who loves to get out and have fun, and she wanted to go to the Fourth Avenue street fair. But her attendants wouldn't take her.

Someone gave her a puppy, an Aussie/English setter mix. It took us two years to get the dog certified—and in Arizona, these dogs do have the same legal recognition as seeing-eye dogs. Well, Dudley's a wonderful dog. He took Diane to the street fair a long time ago; he takes her all kinds of places. And now she lives alone. She has someone come to dress her and such and Dudley does the other things she needs. He opens doors for her, picks things up for

her. She went on and completed her master's degree at the U and she works fulltime as a rehab counselor.

We have another man—he's a neat fellow, eighty-five years old now, whose wife died of cancer about seven years ago. He's another very dynamic person, not a senile cell in his brain, but he's deaf as a post and he wasn't going to be able to live alone. He's in an apartment complex and the manager called us to see if we could help. We got him a little Boston terrier, trained it as a "hearing-ear" dog.

The therapy value of these dogs has really become as important as the physical value. They get you out and talking to other people. They love you even when you don't love yourself. And when your dog does well, there's a sense of pride and accomplishment. We see these people's lives improve, right before our eyes and that's what keeps us going without any money.

We just found out that we didn't get a community block grant—the monies this year went to the homeless—so we're all in a depressed state this morning. We had been able to exist on private contributions until the new tax law in January of '87. But that's just knocked the incentive out for your low- and middle-income contributors. It used to be that you could deduct every nickel and dime that you contributed to a nonprofit organization. The way it is now, you take a certain amount off your taxes whether you contribute or not. A lot of organizations are hurting, especially the smaller ones.

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